

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

As an example of how men may forget the lives and valuables entrusted to their care, nothing more pointed of recent years can be found than the terrible accident on the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway at Battle Creek. One would think that nothing could divert the thoughts of a conductor and engineer in charge of a whole trainload of human beings, yet it appears that neither of them thought enough of the matter to keep them from making a mistake within five minutes of the time they received their instructions. It is easy to imagine the mental agony that they must suffer in thinking of the charred and mutilated remains of nearly thirty people, and to this torture must be added the knowledge that many others must go through life scarred and crippled, and that dozens of families must suffer because of a piece of criminal negligence. While it is perhaps seldom that such a heart-rending result is brought about, the forgetfulness of those operating trains is continually causing disaster and death wherever railroads have been built. Nor are the guilty ones as a rule the new men who have not yet learned the details of railroading; on the contrary we generally find that the old and much-trusted employee is the culprit. After men have been running trains for many years without accidents they no doubt learn to take chances which, succeeding so often, lead them to rely on their own judgment quite as much as on the written orders. Then, too, responsibility grows light as one becomes accustomed to a task, and thoughtlessness of the individual interests concerned is the result.

The young doctor sits up at night reading up his few cases and turns uneasily on his pillow as he thinks of the medicines he has prescribed, while to the old practitioner the everyday occurrences are more than half forgotten as he dresses for dinner and afterwards lights his pipe or sits down to a game of whist with his friends. If this be true with those who are trained to an exceedingly careful observance of all known laws and symptoms, it is not after all passing strange that over-worked railroad men, to whom pulling in and out of a station is as monotonous if not as safe as the steps we take on a sidewalk, finally forget that anybody's life or property is being endangered except their own. Is not the whole of the world as we know it filled with people who are forgetful, or at least regardless, of a portion of their responsibilities? If our bread is not rendered bitter by knowing that thousands are suffering for food and shelter, should we be so greatly astounded that others are careless? If we let people die by thousands because we refuse to sacrifice our own tastes, reduce our luxuries and lessen our capital, it is not beyond comprehension that a sleepy conductor and a tired engineer may race out against orders and try to get to the next station, which may mean half an hour's more sleep, or if they forget about their orders it is not so incomparably unread into their pockets and like machines move on their way. That they cause immediate, sudden and horrible death is inexpressibly shocking, but after all many of us who have little trains in our charge pull out of the stations where we ought to stop, thoroughly disregarding the laws of God and nature and humanity. Our victims may not be burned and mutilated, the wounds we may inflict may not stare at us and proclaim our carelessness to the passer-by, yet if we quietly take ourselves into a corner I do not think there is anyone sufficiently thoughtful to comprehend life's duties but will find that he or she has been more than once the engineer at a moral Battle Creek who in disobedience to orders did that which brought calamity to others.

For instance, the bank manager who violates business rules, lends money to insolvent concerns, speculates with the money deposited by his patrons, wrecks the bank and assists to destroy public confidence—to him can be traced perhaps as much financial and mental misery as will follow the Battle Creek catastrophe. His victims are not piled in a morgue; they weep in financially ruined homes, they suffer from hunger and they are filled with hopelessness and hate. Some indeed may die. We wonder that he did not think of these things before he started in his illegitimate pursuit of sudden wealth, yet even in our wonders we are not impressed with the sufferings of those that we have not seen and to whom we are not of kin.

Are we much less regardless than he? Actively he was a little worse than we are; passively, without any uncontrollable impulse as an excuse, we are quite as heartless and disregardful. Reduced to individual cases and individual responsibilities, it must be admitted that the majority of people are guided by what I consider to be an axiom, "It does not matter what happens so long as it does not happen to us." There are few people who a week from now will wonder what is becoming of the families of those killed at Battle Creek; two weeks from now if we try to raise a fund to force the Grand Trunk to pay proper damages to the bereaved and disabled, we could not raise a thousand dollars between here and the scene of the disaster, and in a month it will only be an occasional enquiry near to the homes of the victims that will reveal the slightest interest in what became of any of them. And so the world rolls around and every morning we pull out of the station with unread orders in our pockets, not caring much what we crash into so long as we do not

get hurt. This, too, when we have thousands of clergymen controlling the engine, thousands of good pious people acting as conductors, and tens of thousands in the train which goes bowling along with no thought of who is at the throttle or who is taking up tickets.

We have had a number of private killings right near home, so to speak, which still further point the moral or immoral of this disregard of others and what becomes of them. At Norwood one Hill went to the house of one Hicks and acted in a disrespectful manner towards Mrs. Hicks. The husband wound up by knocking Hill down and causing his death. No doubt Hicks was sorry afterwards, but we may be quite sure that at the time he did not care what happened as long as it was not to himself or Mrs. Hicks. Up near Sudbury two men called on a neighbor and were told to go away, and not complying the neighbor's wife shot one of them dead. A Welland Canal official saw a burglar poking his head through the window and shot him dead. These are only a few of the killings and murder trials of a local nature which have been filling the daily papers for the week. I only quote them to point out, as I have done frequently before, that when our own individual rights are invaded, our life and property endangered, we care very little for human life and all a jury asks is, "Was it necessary in self-defence?" There is a great deal in this "self-defence" business. It sometimes seems that too much of life is made up of trying to take something from somebody else or fighting without a remaining scruple to keep what we have. It is not a very beautiful picture but it is the one that hangs on the wall, and if we gaze at it as

find many excuses for our friends, but, oddly enough, we never seek to find them for strangers, which is another evidence that our daily prayer is, "O Lord, bless me and mine."

The decision of the court that a druggist has no right to tell a man what is good for cramps and then sell him the medicine named, is no doubt within the lines laid down by the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons. What bothers me is, how much further can this thing be made to extend? Am I permitted to go to a druggist and ask him what the average man buys when he has cramps? and if he tells me will he be liable if I do not buy it, or be punished if I do buy the stuff? If so, then we have a right to enquire whether it would be against the law for a friend to reply to a similar question. No doubt, if proven, the court would hold that he had prescribed for me and violated the statute protecting the licensed doctors. Admitting this, if I feel a pain and enquire of myself what would ease it, I am engaging in the unlawful task of prescribing for myself and am consequently open to prosecution. Under these circumstances it behoves us to be careful not to mention to anyone the remedies we have prescribed for ourselves, and this would relieve the majority of mankind from the unceasing advice and reiterated experience of our friends. So there is something in it for the average man after all.

Outside cities are claiming that we are making ourselves somewhat ridiculous in "jubilation" over the two canning factories about to be established here. It has not been Toronto's failing to parade its new enterprises. During prosperous times large numbers of capitalists came amongst us and received nothing more

firm. I have long advocated the employment of unprofitable citizens on public works. The building of railways, canals, and the opening of mines affords an endless opportunity of utilizing such labor and supporting without cost to the state or injury to honest labor the culprit and his family. It is not a year ago that this section of my policy for the advancement of the province was ridiculed in almost every paper in Toronto excepting the *Empire*. In the canal scheme now before the Council there is an exaggerated and, it seems to me, a ridiculous enlargement of the scheme I urged for bringing water from Lake Simcoe. Oddly enough the scheme has received the support of quite half the aldermen, though not many months ago I was left alone in trying to promote quite as beneficial a proposal at not over a tenth of the cost. The cost of the canal scheme, roughly estimated by irresponsible people, would be at least sixty-five million dollars. Of course it includes a Simcoe water scheme, which could be built for seven and a half millions and supply all the power that is offered by the present projectors, while the canal scheme could not be built for sixty-five million dollars with the cutting which Mr. Smith says will be two hundred and two feet deep. Admitting that the estimate is correct, it calls for fifty-two and a half million dollars more than the simple water and power scheme. Such a canal, even if practicable, would not very largely benefit Toronto. Supposing that heavily laden vessels passed down this canal past our doors, it would only give employment to a few ship chandlers, stevedores and outfitters. Of course the building of the canal, if it were really within the possibilities, would be of immense advantage to the province, as so

which action, if acquiesced in, endangers the liberty of the Press, and would respectfully petition you to release the said John V. Ellis and remit the fine imposed upon him. Furthermore, we would respectfully urge that the law be so amended as to prevent any person being tried and convicted by an aggrieved judge or one of his colleagues without jury or possibility of appeal.

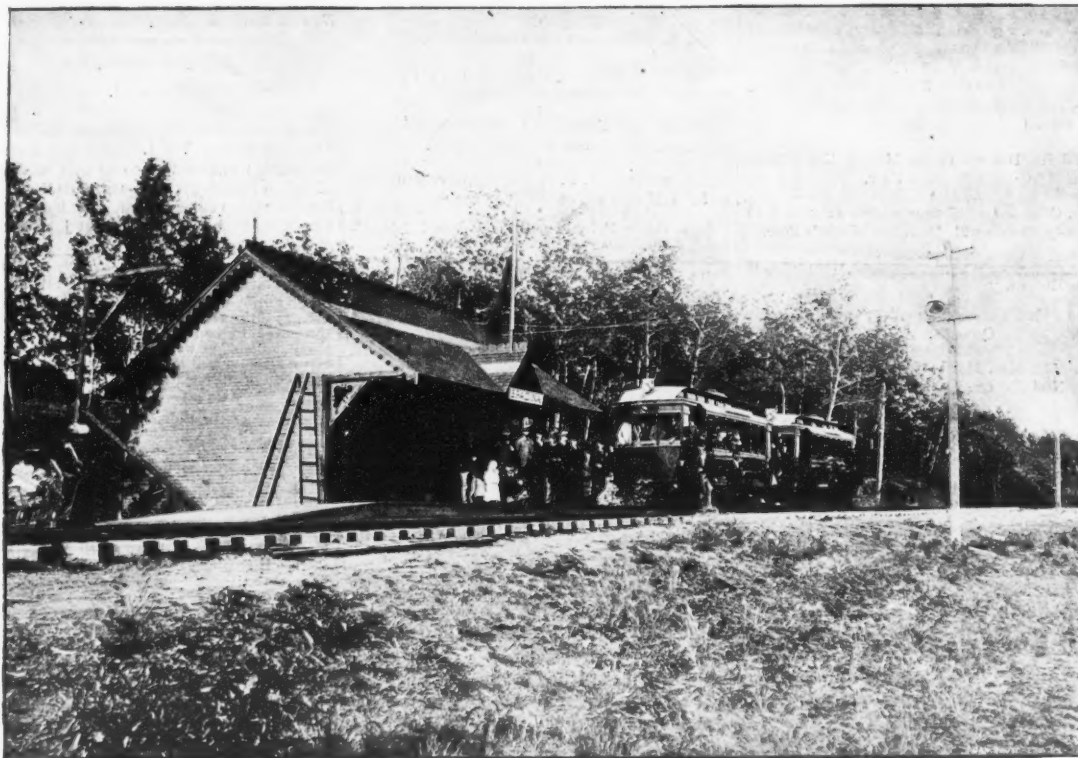
A telegram to the Minister of Justice from the various editors and proprietors throughout Ontario saying, "Add my name to petition re John V. Ellis" would be all that is necessary, and this would doubtless be done by almost every fair-minded publisher in this province immediately, thus possibly relieving the editor of the *St. John Globe* of a portion of his term and it is to be hoped resulting in the remission of his fine. The petition cannot be sent to each publisher without great loss of time, consequently a telegram will be required; it was a method pursued by the publishers of this province in appealing to the Local Legislature with regard to the amendment of the libel law, and should be effective.

The Young Liberal-Conservatives are to be congratulated on their amicable settlement of the dispute which threatened to split their society in two. Their selection of ex-President W. D. Macpherson as a compromise candidate was eminently diplomatic. By no one can he be accused of being a factionist. Indeed, he is the very opposite of a factionist, for neither time, tide nor the affairs of man could divert him from the even tenor of the way that leadeth to office. He is openly opposed to no candidate within his party, for that would breed opposition to himself; he is wedded to no principle within his party, because at some time that principle might be divorced from popularity. At all times and at all seasons his friends are delighted to see how strategically he manages to be absent from the rows and rumpuses of the party, and how omnipresent he is when there is something to be had. Surely the young men of the Liberal-Conservative Association should learn good politics from him, for with the faintest ripple showing which way the wind is blowing comes a hoisting of the sail of our clever friend Macpherson. What a happy disposition it is never to be caught with one's sails spread in a squall or with them badly trimmed in a breeze. Only men with such skill have a right to aspire to be politicians.

I am intensely grieved to know that one of the aspirants for office in this association took umbrage at my remarks of last week. It must be apparent to everybody that nothing can be so disheartening as to excite the ire of a young man who may possibly become great. You see it shuts me out entirely from ever sharing his greatness or basking through my old age in the light of his smile. It is generally thought, and possibly it is too often true, that those of us who write do our work with no higher purpose than of eventually reclining in some fat office or having our aged and rheumatic limbs kept warm by the smiles and approbation of the first vice-president of a debating society, who may or may not continue to look benignly upon us until poverty and old age make him absolutely necessary to our health and happiness. Regretting that I have missed an opportunity of becoming the camp follower of a young politician who may be described as "having a great future behind him," I still remain, my gentle masters, yours, Don.

## Social and Personal.

The visit of the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen has opened the season in a most hearty and delightful manner. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick gave a brilliant reception at Government House on the evening of the arrival of the august visitors, at which Toronto society shone in all its glory. After the state dinner the guests began to arrive and at ten o'clock the handsome parlors of Government House were filled with the *élite* of the city. Dames in lustrous satins and many tinted brocades, young matrons in delicate tints and elegantly coiffed, maidens blonde and brune made their obeisance to the Earl and Countess and were charmed with their kind and gracious acknowledgments. Gallant soldiers, in scarlet of the Grenadiers, in blue and silver of the Body Guard, in kilts of the 48th, in the gorgeous gold cord and sabretache of the Dragoons, and in the garb of the New Fort officers, lighted up the *salons* and gave their decisive note of color to the harmonious scene. Corlett's orchestra played during the evening in the ball-room, and the new conservatory afforded a beautiful promenade for quiet couples. Webb served a delicious supper in the dining-room, and the whole event was a decidedly imposing and successful function, as well as an enjoyable reunion. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Kirkpatrick and the Countess of Aberdeen stood in the north drawing-room to receive the guests. The Countess wore a canary silk gown, lightly touched with black trimmings, and won every heart by her gracious manner; Mrs. Kirkpatrick was richly gowned in dull pink silk with ermine and pearls, and looked her own queenly self; Miss Kirkpatrick wore a pretty fluted frock of shaded white and blue crepe, with primrose belt and revers, which proved a most happy and becoming combination; Mrs. Percival Kidout was in rich white silk; Lady Gsowski wore a quiet shade of silk with fine lace, and a dainty little lace cape; a very rich and handsome gown of black velvet, with lace and diamonds, was worn by Mrs. George Arthurs; Mrs. Mortimer Clarke was another



A VIEW IN ELM PARK, WINNIPEG.

From Winnipeg Saturday Night.

we gaze on some of those trick puzzles we can see the faces of all our friends and neighbors peep out every once in a while.

In the Hooper case, again, a man and his wife did not live happily together. She went crazy; he is said to have liked some other woman. The dead woman was buried in a very unconventional way and the circumstances surrounding the case were what is known to coroners' juries as "suspicious." The phase of it presented to the public by the newspapers undoubtedly convinced the average reader that Hooper had murdered his wife. Why were the public so ready to believe that he had killed her? Why are they always so ready to believe that the accused is guilty if there be social reasons for the committing of the crime? Is it not because there is a strain of unacknowledged savagery in the majority of people, suggesting that if they were in the same fix, surrounded by the same circumstances, they might perhaps do the thing they suspect the accused of having done? Suspicion after all is the outward manifestation of an inward impulse; the good are never suspicious. As so many of us are more, or less addicted to suspicion, we must have some latent evil within us, otherwise upon what is suspicion founded? In what soil, if we are truly good, can it find growth? How rare is the impulse found, when sins or crimes involving domestic or social unhappiness, to explain away instead of fasten more tightly the evidence of guilt. For instance, we find Hooper and his wife living unhappily; various people have testified to domestic rows. The next point is that Mrs. Hooper went crazy; the uncharitable would say, driven to insanity by her husband, yet the charitable might say that she was probably devoured or at least partially insane long before she was sent to an asylum, and that their unhappiness was caused by her unbalanced mind. In this way we can

than a passing paragraph. Now that times are hard it should not irritate our neighbors to notice that we are glad to find settling on the city the dove with a spray of hopeful green in its beak, for more or less the prosperity of the province is advertised by the progress of its Capital. An encouraging feature of the whole discussion has been the bringing out of the enormous growth of the fruit-producing land of Ontario. Millions of baskets of fruit are grown where thousands were produced a few years ago. Toronto is the center and its fruit can be cheaply shipped here by steamers and trains, and locally we are glad that this is not only the distributing point for fresh fruits, but the place to which fruits of all sorts must come in order to ensure plenty of material for canning industries. The consumers of canned meats may not feel delighted to know that it is the rougher portions of the carcasses which are given to them, yet such being the case the canning of meat must be done in a large center of population where the choicer sections of the animal are in demand day by day. The North-West is beginning to produce such a quantity of meat that Toronto must drop out of the procession unless it avails itself of its possibilities of disposing of that which is immediately salable and of canning that which is good for export. In connection with the live stock trade of the North-West, it should not be forgotten that we must have direct railway connection with Sudbury. The "Soo" line of the C.P.R. has more or less side-tracked Winnipeg and Toronto, and we must take pains to seize upon our portion of the trade or it will pass us.

I notice that one of the witnesses before the Royal Commission, now taking evidence in Toronto with regard to prohibition, advocated the employment of drunkards on a provincial

much money could not be expended without our receiving benefit, yet permanently it would have no very considerable meaning. Nearly all the tonnage that would pass through it now ties up the wharves of Sault Ste. Marie, and it is only a town of six or seven thousand people. The addition of this entire population to ours would not be any suitable return for such a work as is proposed; on the other hand, illimitable water supply at a cost of some seven million dollars would accomplish everything to be attained by the whole canal scheme. Would it not, then, be well for those who are using so much time and energy to devote themselves to the smaller project for which capital can easily be found?

An intolerable feature in connection with the imprisonment of John Valentine Ellis of the *St. John, N.B., Globe*, is that any judge who takes umbrage at the criticism of an editor can summon the writer before him or before one of his judicial colleagues and fine and imprison him, and I am told that no right of appeal is allowed. To be without the right of appeal is a dangerous condition for publishers to be in, particularly as they are not tried before a jury but before a man who may be both prosecutor and judge. Trial by jury is considered one of the safeguards of the citizen—why should the editor be debarred from his citizenship even to uphold the dignity of the bench? Now that we know to what lengths a judge may go, or the bench may go, in inflicting fines and causing imprisonment, it would be wise for the Ontario Press Association to take the matter up and as quickly as possible present to the Minister of Justice a petition which might read as follows: "We the undersigned, editors and publishers of journals in the province of Ontario, have read with surprise and indignation of the fine and imprisonment of John Valentine Ellis,



grande dame in a delicate pale brocade; Mrs. Henry Cawthra wore a lovely combination of silk and velvet in the new brown tints, with japon front of embroidered velvet; Mrs. Sweny wore a dainty gown of white and was coffeee in a simple style which suits her bright and clever face; Mrs. J. K. Kerr wore a very rich brocade in pearl and gold, and a becoming coiffure in pearl and gold; Mrs. Melfort Boulton looked very handsome in a princess gown of rich gold-hued satin brocade; Mrs. George T. Denison was smartly gowned in silk and white lace, with baby sleeves of maize faille; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt of St. George street wore a handsome prune silk and lace; Miss Merritt looked well in white silk and corn color; Mrs. Edward Blake wore heliotrope with fine lace and with her lovely snowy hair was a gentle and dignified lady; Mrs. Wyld was richly gowned in black and looked extremely well, as also did Mrs. Dawson, whom evening dress becomes so greatly; a much admired lady was Mrs. W. S. Lee in black and pale blue, with quaint formal berthe of velvet and jet; Mrs. Charles O'Reilly wore deep rose silk under white lace, and puffed sleeves of emerald velvet; Mrs. J. E. Thompson wore a dainty black lace dress with gold passementerie; Mrs. John L. Davidson was smartly gowned in the modish black and white, a gown of white faille with jet trimmings; Mrs. Campbell Macdonald looked sweetly pretty in white; Mrs. Auguste Bolte wore a pretty pale blue and white dress and a most piquante curled coiffure. One of the most elegant gowns was worn by Mrs. Eber Ward, a lustrous dove gray satin, very plain, with drooping falls of embroidered lace hanging over her pretty arms. In her shimmering gown and with her Titian hair and beautiful eyes, Mrs. Ward was a charming picture; Mrs. Mulock wore a rich gray brocade. A rosebud garden of girls included: Miss Bunting, forget-me not blue; Miss Arthur, in the same dainty tints; Miss Riordan, petunia silk with faint pink trimmings; Miss Small, rich white satin; Miss Mulock, white silk; the Misses Mortimer Clarke, the Misses Homer Dixon and Miss Gertrude Thompson, all in girlish frocks of delicate shades. Among the notables were: Sir D. L. Macpherson, Sir Casimir Gzowski, Sir Oliver Mowat, Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Macdonnell, the Bishop of Toronto, Colonel Sweny, Colonel Turnbull, Colonel Davidson, Colonel Otter, Colonel G. T. Denison, Canon DaMoulin, Hon. Edward Blake, Vice Chancellor Mulock, Chancellor Burwash, Professor Loudon, Mr. S. Nordheimer, Mr. H. Cawthra, Mr. Bolte, Chevaliers Gianelli and J. E. Thompson, Mr. Lucius O'Brien, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Brock, Dr. Strange, Rev. Father Teefy, Mr. Mortimer Clarke, Principal Dickson, Lieutenant Laurie, Captain Greville Harston, Mesdames Dickson, Long, Greville Harston, T. G. Blackstock, Edgar, and Messrs. Small, Hughes, McPherson, Bertie Cawthra, Melfort Boulton, Wyld, Campbell Macdonald, Sweetman, Dr. Ryerson and numbers of other prominent citizens of Toronto.

The citizens' reception to Lord and Lady Aberdeen at the Pavilion on Wednesday afternoon was a great success, both in attendance and arrangement. The most perfect order was maintained by a number of patient but powerful police, and the vast crowd was quietly seated until the Pavilion was filled, when the doors were closed and addresses presented from the City Council, the St. George, St. Andrew and Irish Protestant Benevolent Societies, to which the Governor-General responded with a tact and heartiness which recalled Dufferin the silver-tongued to not a few. A guard of honor from the fort, the Grenadiers' Band and two-three bonnie killed pipers of the 48th Highlanders formed the escort to their Excellencies. The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick accompanied the Earl and Lady Aberdeen, and the dais was filled with a handsome and distinguished party of military men in all the bravery of warlike trappings. Sir Casimir Gzowski wore his distinguished uniform and looked a noble and dignified officer; Capt. Turnbull of the Dragoons was also a noticeable figure; Col. Fred Denison, K.C.B., and Col. George T. Denison wore the Body Guard uniform; Col. R. B. Hamilton of the Queen's Own, Col. Dawson of the Royal Grenadiers and Col. Davidson of the 48th Highland Regiment were accompanied by a fine body of officers from their respective regiments. The members of the council, the various societies and all the officers were presented to the Earl and Countess and received with the gracious kindness which has won the hearts of all who have had the honor of meeting the representative of the Queen and his amiable Countess. Lady Aberdeen wore a stately gown of Royal blue velvet with light passementerie, with a long velvet cloak trimmed with fur, and a velvet bonnet with soft ostrich tips to match her gown. Lady Aberdeen becomes a bonnet and looks the sunny Englishwoman in her pretty head-gear. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore black satin with emerald green trimmings, and lace hat, and regarded the proceedings with bright observant eyes from her place beside the Lieutenant-Governor. A tiny daughter of Mr. Hallam presented Lady Aberdeen with an immense basket of roses, and also a charming bouquet of pink roses and ferns to the Lady of Government House. No presentations were made of individuals in the vast audience, as the reading of and responding to the addresses took up considerable time. The Governor General and Lady Aberdeen visited Upper Canada College on Wednesday morning and were received with enthusiasm by the boys.

A very delightful dinner party was given on Friday evening, October 20, by the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The charming hostess looked very handsome in crimson velvet with large sleeves of blue and gold brocade, and wearing many beautiful diamonds. Among the guests were: Captain and Mrs. MacDougall, the latter wearing a pretty gold and brown dress; Major Buchanan, and his wife, who looked well in black and red; Miss Hamilton-Merritt was looking her best in a cream colored gown, and her sister equally well in a combination of maize and brown; pretty Miss Newbiggin was very sweet and piquante in white and green satin, covered with chiffon; Mrs. Forrester wore white, with pearl embroidery; and Miss Kirkpatrick, also in white, was as bright and amiable as she always is. Colonel Turnbull, Captain Forrester and Captain Leward of the Dragoons, Colonel Newbiggin, Captain Kirkpatrick, A.D.C., and Mr. Adolf Caron were among the gentlemen present. The viands were of the most delicious and wines excellent. Altogether the dinner was a most complete success, as any entertainment given by such a host and hostess is sure to be.

Mr. and Master George Hogarth and the Misses Foad are at the World's Fair.

Miss F. Foad will spend the winter in Denver, Colorado.

Mr. F. Marvin Briggs of the Manchester Fire Insurance Company is at present doing the sights of the World's Fair.

The Woman's Art Association, Canada Life building, will be open to the public next week.

Mr. Russell Baldwin and wife have returned from their trip. Mr. Baldwin will be at Home to her friends on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week at 36 Lowther avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher are residing at the Elliott House, corner of Church and Shuter streets. Mrs. Fletcher will be at Home to her friends on 2nd, 3rd and 4th Thursdays.

On Friday afternoon, Oct. 20, Sir David Macpherson formally presented his magnificent collection of rare plants to the city. The ceremony took place on the lawn at Chestnut Park under a spacious marquee and in the presence of the Mayor, members of the City Council and a large number of guests.

Sir Joseph Hickson of Montreal is in town.

The reception in Association Hall on Friday evening, October 20, given by the Young Men's and Women's Associations to the students in the city, was a grand success. Eleven hundred young men representing every educational institution in the city gathered in the hall. The whole of the Y. M. C. A. building was placed at the disposal of the throng of guests. After an excellent programme refreshments were served.

Mr. John Dixon and the Misses Dixon have returned from the World's Fair.

Mrs. Oliphant of Simcoe street returned on Saturday, October 21, from the World's Fair.

Mr. William Maxwell, J.P., of Edinburgh, is at the Rossin.

Lieut. Carl Weimer, an officer in the German army, is at the Queen's.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Irish left for Lakewood, N. J., Thursday morning.

Mr. Joseph Walker, son-in-law of Capt. C. M. Nelles of the Dufferin Rifles, Brantford, was thrown from his horse and badly injured last Monday.

Mr. T. G. Foster, of the firm of Foster & Pender, sailed for England on the Teutonic on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Pembroke street have returned from the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis have returned to town and are at 14 St. Patrick street for the next few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Toms of Ottawa have returned home after a very enjoyable trip to Chicago, Detroit and Toronto. Miss Jennie Reddie is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Toms of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Buzz and Miss Buzz have returned from the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ryan have taken up house at 1,497 King street west. Mrs. Ryan will receive on Wednesday and Thursday, November 1 and 2.

Miss McVity of Huron street has returned from the World's Fair.

Miss Lillie McVity and Masters Harold and Frank are doing the wonders of the great White City.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carew-Boulton left Friday week for Chicago.

Messrs. B. E. Walker, James Riss of Montreal, H. P. Dwight, H. D. Warren, and W. C. Mathews, went up to the woods for a deer hunt last Friday.

Rev. C. J. Boulden, M.A., Cambridge, has entered upon his duties as assistant minister in St. James' Cathedral, and resides at 92 Gould street.

Miss Nora Clench, the talented young violinist, at her concert on Tuesday evening in Hamilton was presented by the Canadian Club with a short address and a beautiful brooch of golden maple leaves as a tribute to Canadian genius.

Mrs. and Miss Kempt of Lindsay and Mrs. Furby of Port Hope have been visiting Mrs. A. W. Croil of Simcoe street.

Miss Leonora James, whose debut at Mrs. George Tate Blackstock's musicale on Thursday of last week caused so much favorable comment, bids fair to become one of the most popular of our local songstresses. Her method reflected great credit upon her instructor, Mr. H. M. Fletcher.

Mrs. Harry Symons gave a most pleasant evening on Tuesday for cards and dancing. Amongst the numerous guests I noticed:

Professor and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mr. and Mrs. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Symons, Mrs. Charles Crowley, Mrs. Burns, Miss Kertland, Mrs. J. Henry Thompson, Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Hessin, Dr. Boulton, Dr. Trow, Mr. Ashworth, Mr. Minty, Dr. Spillbury and Mr. Gault.

Mrs. T. A. Rowan of 140 Bedford road will receive Thursday afternoon and Friday afternoon and evening, November 2 and 3, and on Friday afterwards.

A German Club has been formed, which will meet once a week by invitation of the Toronto College of Music. In addition to the college students who speak and are studying German in the modern language department, invitations have been sent to those in our city who are known to be interested in the study of the German language, its poetry, music and art. The club membership will be of a limited number. Those interested who have not received an invitation may make application to Fraulein Lapatinoff, secretary pro tem., at the Toronto College of Music.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, 81 King street east, will have his completed portraits of the late Senator Macdonald and the late Mr. William Gooderham on exhibition at his studio to-day. These portraits are to be unveiled in Victoria University on Tuesday evening.

The many friends of the Toronto College of Music will be glad to know that the Annual At Home of the college is announced for December 7. Remembering the delightful evening spent in the college last year, the At Home will be looked forward to as a social and musical event, and enjoyable reunion for students and friends.

Messrs. H. Pellatt and Norman Macrae left on Tuesday morning for Chicago.

The prizes won by the members of the 48th Highlanders at the Saturday matches were presented last Monday evening by Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt.

Dr. Gowan Ferguson of Great Falls, Montana, was in town last week.

Mrs. F. M. Cheesman (nee Allie Turner) who has recently returned from her wedding trip, will receive at her mother's residence, 68 Hazelton avenue, on Wednesday and Thursday next, November 1 and 2.

Mr. H. E. Smallpiece of the World has returned from a brief visit to New York.

Mr. A. Willis is at the World's Fair.

Messrs. George and Will Kelly, 578 Jarvis street, left on Monday for Chicago.

Miss Jennie Stewart of Seattle is the guest of Mr. O'Regan, 324 Wellesley street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. S. Smythe have removed to 51 McMillan street.

Mrs. Harry Pringle will receive at 123 Madison avenue on Wednesday and Thursday next from half-past four to seven o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. McConkey have returned from the World's Fair.

Mrs. T. Christie has taken up house on Huron street.

Madame Coutellier is at Mrs. Thompson's of 50 St. George street.

Mr. J. Macdonald Manly has returned from his autumn sketching tour and is painting at his studio in Court Chambers.

Miss Ida Powell of Wellington place arrived home this week from the World's Fair.

Miss Nellie Murphy of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. C. E. Madison of 106 St. George street for a couple of weeks, on her way to Ottawa from the World's Fair.

Mrs. George Hamilton of 663 Spadina avenue will be at Home to her friends on the first and second Tuesday of each month.

The recital and concert given by Mrs. Fannie Steel Anthony and the Ideal Banjo Club, under the auspices of the Toronto Bicycle Club, attracted a good audience on Monday in spite of the damp and foggy evening. Mrs. Anthony has a charming stage presence and a sweet and sympathetic voice, and her imitation of a rheumatic old darkey showed great cleverness and humor in the catching recitation Counting the Eggs. Jack, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' story, is too long and too false in sentiment to satisfy our thinking audiences. In Whitcomb Riley's Raggedy Man Mrs. Anthony was very taking also as Aunt Melliss with her red flannel coats for the plucked turkeys, she roused the risibles of the audience. The Ideal Banjo Club looked and played extremely well, and the stage setting with a wealth of beautiful roses and smilax was a very pretty picture. But I would humbly pray for a little better ventilation in Association Hall. The night was mild and over the tightly closed windows steam ran down in rivulets, while the air was horribly heavy and close. At Miss Alexander's recital those in the gallery also suffered greatly until some good Samaritan opened a window or two.

Miss Winnifred Potter, who made many friends during her visit to Toronto last winter, was recently married to Mr. Wm. T. Cox of Florence, Mass. Miss Potter is the cousin of Mrs. H. and Mrs. W. Lamont of Toronto.

Mrs. Hayden Potter of Florence, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. Lamont, 707 Ontario street.

Mrs. J. A. Graham of Winnipeg is visiting her mother, Mrs. Donald McDermid of Rosedale.

Mrs. Tipping of Macpherson avenue is at the World's Fair and will return to the city next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Miss Irwin of Erie, Pa., have left for home after spending over a month's holidays at the World's Fair and visiting relatives in Toronto and vicinity.

Mrs. MacMahon of Strathallen Park, Rochester, and Miss Cosgrave of Niagara street, are doing the World's Fair.

#### More Haste, Less Speed.

It was 9 p.m., and Herr August Glimmermann stood ready equipped in traveling costume. He put on his gloves and his hat, snatched up his plaid, turned the gas off, and was about to leave the room preparatory to starting on a long journey through Germany and Italy, when, in the dark, his sleeve swept over the table, in consequence of which something dropped on the floor, which, to judge from the sound, must have been a coin. Although during his absence no one could enter the room, as he was in the habit of locking it and carrying the key with him, yet he thought it better not to leave the money lying about, but secure it in his purse. He therefore re-lighted the gas, and found that the coin was only a copper of the value of one penny sterling. Putting it in his purse, he hurried out of the room and quickly locked the door, for it was just striking nine and his train left at 9.15, so that he had only just time to catch it. Eight months later Glimmermann, on his return from Italy, unlocked the door of his room and went in. Ha! what is that? The gas was burning merrily just as he left it, after lighting it to seek the dropped coin, he having forgotten to turn it off again in his hurry, and a couple of days later he was presented with a gas bill to the amount of £1 5s. 3d.

"Hang it," he said, with a sigh, on paying the money; "the old proverb, *Festina lente*, is not so far wrong, after all."—*Humoristische Blätter*.

#### A Benefactor of His Species

During the recent drought I sat in the train opposite a gentleman who seemed to be haunted by a fixed idea. He never tired of repeating how great a blessing it would be for humanity if artificial rain could be produced. "You see," he excitedly remarked, "I have already tried everything. The plan of going up in a balloon and sending down a shower with a watering-can failed, because we have no means of transport to lift sufficient quantities of water into the air; further, a fountain, rising at least three hundred feet into the air and scattering jets of water in all directions, came too expensive; cannons to perforate the clouds and make them explode are not yet invented, and are, in fact, useless when there are no clouds about."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "you wish to become a benefactor of the human race, and more especially the agricultural population; you are a landed proprietor, I presume?"

"No," he replied; "an umbrella maker!"—*Bunte's Allerlei*.

#### A Royal Accomplish.

One day, when Francis I. was in his chapel attending mass with several of his noblemen, a well dressed pickpocket went and stood behind the Cardinal of Lorraine and abstracted his purse; but unable to do this without the King's perceiving it, he put up his finger to intimate that the latter should keep silence. The King took it for a practical joke and said never a word. But after the service he asked the Cardinal what he had done with his purse. The prelate, not being able to find it, was very much annoyed, and took the King to task, who greatly enjoyed the fun, and at length ordered the purse to be restored to the Cardinal. The thief did not, however, come forward, and the King discovered too late that he had been tricked.—*Journal de Roubaix*.

#### In the Same Boat.

The new occupier of a farm went to his potato field early one morning and dug up a few of the tubers, just to see how they were getting on, when his intention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a couple of strangers at the other side of the field, who were preparing to follow his example. He was about to challenge them, when the reassuring words were wafted to his ear: "Don't let us disturb you; we are priggings a few ourselves."—*Deutscher Reichsbote*.

#### German Learned in Five Weeks.

James R. Brewer, editor in chief of the Baltimore *Daily News*, in writing editorially of Professor Haupt's work in that city, 1887, wrote: "By personal experience I am able to say that Professor Haupt's system enables him to impart to students a sufficient knowledge of the German tongue to speak, write and read it well in five weeks."

On Saturday, this week, at 3.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., Professor Haupt gives interesting lectures, free to the public, on his system, by which he imparts a practical use of German during a five weeks' course of daily lessons, the learner attending one hour daily. The lectures are preliminary to a course of lessons to be given at 9.30 a.m., 3.30 and 7 p.m., to begin on Monday, October 30. All are invited at this the only course that will be given in this city. Confederation Life Building.

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### Varsity Chat.

THE University Athletic Sports last Friday on the Rosedale grounds were largely attended and competition was keen. There was perhaps rather less enthusiasm than last year in certain respects—Orton the Canadian champion now wins laurels for a sister institution, the University of Pennsylvania, and was not present. Myers, the Varsity strong freshman, was missed, but there was enough interest to make the games pass off in a manner gratifying to President Webster and Secretary Breckenridge, who had been indefatigable in their labors. In point of prizes the Varsity men are heard to remark upon the success of the medals in carrying off the silver cups and medals, yet their medical fellow students seem to take little interest in the event, judging by the number of them present.

Financially the games were a failure due to lack of interest on the part of the students, and on this point I might remark that Philistinism is rampant around the college and is becoming apparently more so every year. The students who take interest in the general affairs around Varsity are too few. One man was found who didn't know whether Varsity or the Scots had won in last Saturday's game. It is such men that involve anything of general student interest in ruin. It is probable the annual cross country run will have to be dispensed with this year on account of the financial deficit.

The Y. M. C. A. met last Sunday and were addressed by Hon. S. H. Blake in a thoughtful and earnest talk. There was a good attendance of students and the work looks very promising for the coming year.

The year societies are showing signs of activity, the freshmen being first to meet and elect officers as follows: Pres., D. O. De Lury; first vice-pres., J. E. Brown; second vice-pres., H. J. Hewish; sec., J. E. Craig; Varsity representative, A. W. Baines; Athletic Association representative, F. D. Woodworth; the remaining officers were left over. The Third year have elected officers as follows: Pres., H. H. Clark; first vice-pres., Miss M. Bowes; second vice-pres., A. H. Abbott; sec., W. F. T. Tamblin; treas., D. S. Bowby. Owing to the lateness of the hour the remaining officers were left over till the succeeding meeting of the year.

Since last term many changes have taken place in the staff of the University, among which may be noticed the departure of Prof. J. Mark Baldwin, Prof. of Philosophy, for his new scene of labor, Princeton University, while his place is taken by Mr. Kirschmann, who will devote his attention specially to experimental work in psychology. Mr. Kirschmann spent some years under Prof. Wundt of Leipzig, a well known authority on this subject. Mr. Fairclough, lecturer in classics at the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, California, while Mr. Laing, graduate of '91, fulfills the duties of the vacant position until Christmas, when the appointee, Mr. A. Carruthers, B.A., of Parkdale C. I., will enter upon his duties as Mr. Fairclough's successor. Mr. W. C. P. Bremner, M.A., Fellow in French, has taken a position in Barrie high school, while his place is taken by Mr. Whetnam, B.A. W. A. Parks, '92, has become Fellow in Mineralogy and Geology. Mr. C. A. Stuart, B.A., follows J. M. McEvoy, B.A., LL.B., as Fellow in Political Science; Mr. Stuart is one of the ablest of Varsity's graduates and was Fellow in History in Columbia College for some time. Mr. McEvoy has entered on the practice of law in the city. F. B. R. Hellems fills the position of Fellow in Latin, and his past record both in scholarship and Varsity public life assure him of a successful future.

### Trinity Talk.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the Athletic Association was held on October 17, Mr. A. F. R. Martin in the chair. The advisability of substituting Annual Sports for the Fall Steeplechase was discussed, and a sub-committee consisting of the secretary, Mr. DuMoulin, '92, and Messrs. Chadwick, '93, and Gwyn, '93, was appointed to procure the opinions of the different members of the Athletic Association on the subject. The question of enlarging the hockey rink then came up and on Mr. Hamilton, '94, captain of the hockey team, presenting his estimate of the cost, the sum of thirty-five dollars was voted for the above purpose. The intention is to make the rink both longer and broader, and to put a new and complete set of cushions around, so that the rink when finished may be equal to any one in town.

The following were appointed captains for the Inter-year Football Championship series: Divinity—F. A. P. Chadwick, B.A. '94—H. V. Hamilton. '95—H. S. Southam. '96—G. M. Percy.

After negotiations had been drawn up to govern the said matches it was decided that the opening games be played on October 24.

Mr. A. F. R. Martin, '92, president of the Association, has presented a cup for competition in the above Inter year series, the winner to hold the said cup from year to year. The cup is a very handsome one of tankard shape, standing about twelve inches high, and with an exterior of dark oak bound with silver bands. Three large silver handles and a college crest engraved on a shield, help to make a very handsome and coveted trophy. The members of the Association owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Martin for his kindness.

The members of the Hamilton Football Team were entertained by the Trinity men on Saturday, October 21. Lunch was served in the hall at 1 p.m., and after the game both teams adjourned to the Osgoode-Toro to match.

A college meeting was held on October 17, in the Arts lecture room, Mr. DuMoulin in the chair. The following business was transacted: The election of Messrs. J. C. H. Mockridge, '93, and Osborne, '94, to the staff of the Review, vice, Messrs. DuMoulin and Hedley resigned.

and the appointment of a committee of management for the Annual Convocation Dinner, to be held on November 16. On a vote by ballot the following committee men were appointed: Messrs. Troop, Mockridge, DuMoulin, Cattanech and Gwyn.

Mr. C. W. Hedley, B. A., now stationed at Ashburnham, stayed two or three days with us at the beginning of the week.

Mr. T. E. Chilcott, '92, is with us again, having been detained for a couple of weeks at his station.

### Victoria University.

IN memory of their great kindness and generosity to our University, the Board of Regents some time ago decided to have portraits of the late William Gooderham, Esq., and Hon. John Macdonald hung in the college chapel. To Mr. J. W. L. Foster of this city was commissioned the work and those who have been favored with a private view speak in highest terms of the portraits. The unveiling will take place about the end of the month and arrangements are being made for appropriate ceremonies.

The two societies of the college, known as the Literary and the Jackson, have united, and in federation will be known as the Victoria Literary Society. Meetings will be held every Friday evening in Alumni Hall. The board of management of the college journal, *Acta Victoriana*, is directly responsible to this society and at its last meeting reported the cheering tidings that the business manager had a surplus of one hundred and twenty-five dollars in the treasury for the year just ended.

Chancellor Burwash addressed a large meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on the importance of Bible study. The chancellor has such a strong hold on the students that a simple announcement is all that is necessary to fill the Y. M. C. A. hall.

We are pleased to learn that W. F. Osborne, B.A., of the class of '93, has been appointed instructor in modern languages and literature in Wesley College, Winnipeg, Man.

The removal of Victoria to Toronto has been fraught with many blessings and advantages, and in only one thing do we seem to have lost. We have not here a campus on which to indulge in field sports, athletics and football. If we were situated in some crowded portion of the city where no land was available, there would seem to be reason for the present state of affairs, but, on the contrary, there is plenty of fine land to the north and all we need is the active co-operation of some of the moneyed men of the Church in backing up the College Board. Students must have their physical natures cultivated as well as their mental, and there is nothing like out-door exercise to facilitate this. Therefore we say a college campus is our great need.

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The money and the people might be missing for the development of the country and its industries, but the enterprise and good taste is in the people. As for those who go across the line shopping and buying, they could buy their articles right at home, perhaps better and cheaper; but the confidence in their countrymen is sinking, hence they are an obstacle to the progress of their native, or adopted, country. If there are articles not to be obtained in Canada it is not in the line of Artistic and Fashionable Hair Goods, Toilet Requisites and requirement for refined people, in Fashionable Hair Dressing, Care of Hair and Manicure. For superior Hair Goods, etc., can be obtained cheaper and better than in any other place, city or country. See the Hair Exhibits at the World's Fair, Canadian Section, at J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO., 441 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

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# MARJORY'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretences," &c., &c.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

"I suppose that in the eyes of the world I am a fool," said Felix to himself as he stepped out into the street. There was a strain of sardonic humor in the train that his thoughts took. "Here am I spending money like water for the sake of a worthless chap who has not the heart of a mouse. To boot like that and leave her alone, and penniless! I am pretty certain she is penniless. It was a cowardly act. And I am the person to gloss it over! I am to pay back his debts, and save his character, and bring him back to the woman whom he has deserted! Well, the love of a woman is a wonderful thing. Nothing would have convinced me in old days that any man would do what I am doing, and yet it now seems natural enough—for Marjory's sake."

His thoughts seemed to him to be taking a dangerous course, so he pulled them up and confined them strictly to the matter in hand. His first errand was to find Mr. Grindley, whom he knew by reputation as a man of loose character and dissipated habits. He did not know where Mr. Grindley resided, but he thought he was certain to hear of him at the Spread Eagle, and thither he directed his steps.

Mr. Grindley, he was informed, was in the billiard room and was believed to be alone. Felix went upstairs to find him, but as he ascended the dingy stairs the sound of voices fell upon his ear, and he found that Mr. Grindley was engaged in conversation with a friend while practicing strokes in a desultory manner on the billiard table.

"Cut and run, as I hear," were the first words that Felix distinguished. "He is seen at the station this morning, looking uncommon white about the gills. Something wrong at the bank, I shouldn't wonder."

"He owes a good bit here and there about the town, doesn't he?" said the other man. "I should just think he did. I've got his L. O. U. for £50 or thereabouts myself, and precious little good they will be to me, I expect. Dirty trick, I call it, to levain when you can't pay up, leaving his wife too—as pretty a piece of goods—"

Felix's voice broke in sharp and clear. "Mr. Grindley, I think. Can I have a word with you?"

The two men looked up in surprise. Mr. Grindley was a tall, thin, pale-faced man with a red nose and a rakish-looking mustache streaked with gray. He wore a seedy-looking frock-coat, and was never seen in the street without a tall hat and a jaunty little cane, not to speak of a swaggering air which was part of his stock-in-trade. His companion, a coarse, sullen-looking man of a vulgar type, was even more shabby and soiled than he, and lacked moreover the pretentious manner which made unctious observers sometimes take Mr. Grindley for a gentleman.

Both men knew Felix Hyde by sight, and Grindley bowed jauntily and then tried to wink to his companion without being seen by the visitor.

"Pleasure of speaking to Mr. Hyde, I think," said Grindley, with a manner which seemed to Felix distinctly offensive.

"My name is Hyde," he answered curtly. "I am acting as the representative of Mr. Severne, who has been called away for a few days on business. I understand that he owes you some money."

"And if he does," said Grindley suspiciously, "that is a matter between himself and me."

"You don't mean to deny, I suppose," said Felix, "that you have some of his L. O. U.'s?"

"No, I don't deny it, certainly not; why should I? I have had a good many of them in my time and made Master Archie pay up more than once, though he is precious slow in doing it, as a general rule."

"What does he owe you now?" said Felix. Grindley stared at him and then laughed.

"Honor among thieves," he said. "What good is the information to you? If it's worth anything at all, it's worth money. Possibly you are willing to buy your information."

Felix controlled his irritation with some difficulty. "The information you can give me is only valuable to you," he said. "If you don't want payment, of course you can withhold it."

"Why, do you mean to say," said Grindley, opening his eyes, "that Archie Severne is going to pay up without being dunned for the money? That's a nice tale, isn't it, Dan?"—appealing to the sullen-faced man who still stood leaning against the wall with his hands in his pockets.

"Look here," said Felix sternly. "I didn't come here to talk about Archie Severne, but in his name to settle with you. Now, how much does he owe you? It is your only chance of getting paid, so you may as well tell me the amount at once."

After another stare of surprise, Mr. Grindley produced a shabby pocket book and took out several slips of paper which he showed to Felix, one by one, without a word, while Felix jotted down his figures in a memorandum book after scrutinizing the signatures rather loosely.

Archie's hand-writing was well known to him, and there was no difficulty in recognizing his autograph. The sum total amounted to more than Marjory knew, and more than Felix had expected, but after a little discussion he paid the money and gave her a receipt, a sharp warning on the inadvisability of gambling with such stakes with a young man like Severne, who had no prospects and only his situation at the bank to depend on.

"He has kind friends, at any rate," said Grindley, with something like a sneer.

"You are right," said Felix. "If you think that his friends' kindness can be traded upon, and there was a gleam in his eye and a decision in his tone which told Mr. Grindley that Felix Hyde's patience was nearly at an end."

"You won't get any more out of that chap," said the person previously addressed as Dan, when Felix had quitted the room.

"I don't expect it," said Grindley. "Archie's come to the end of his tether too, I should say. Hyde's generally thought a close-fisted sort of fellow, but I fancy the Severnes get a good deal out of him. I should like to know whether Archie's bolted or not."

"We shall soon see that," said the other man, "for if he has bolted he won't come back. You are lucky to have got the money after all. And then the two men fell to playing billiards once more, while Felix continued his task of making certain investigations in the town respecting the amount of Archie's liabilities, and it cannot be said that his opinion of Archie's honor and honesty was raised thereby."

He had taken some little time to consider his course of action. It now seemed to him perfectly clear. He wished, if possible, to prevent Archie's departure from England, and as he himself could not start immediately for Liverpool and was not sure of his best methods of proceeding when there, he telegraphed to a private detective with whom he already had some acquaintance, and authorized him to obtain all the information possible, to discover Archie and to endeavor to prevent him from sailing for America. His own work in the meantime was clear. He had to go to the bank officials and give them some sort of reason for Archie's absence. This he knew to be a difficult matter, for he had absolutely no reason to give, yet he wished to calm their displeasure against the missing clerk. He found, as he had expected, that the bank manager was in a state of extreme exasperation.

"The fact is, Mr. Severne has behaved disgracefully," he said, "and we were really think-

ing of late that we should be obliged to tell him we could dispense with his services. The situation was procured for him, I understand, through the kindness of friends of his father and mother, and it behooves a young man in that position to be particularly industrious and regular in his habits. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Hyde?"

"Certainly I agree with you," said Felix, "but I had hoped that Mr. Severne was not more irregular in his habits than the general-ity of young men."

The manager shook his head. "There has been no depending on Mr. Severne for a long time past. I hoped that his marriage would steady him, especially marriage with such a charming young lady as your late uncle's ward. If I may call her so, but I am sadly afraid that it has done him no good. You will excuse me mentioning it, Mr. Hyde, but I have seen a good many cheques of yours passing through his hands of late, and I think your generosity has been somewhat misplaced. I daresay now, if the truth were known, young Severne has gone off on a racing expedition or something of that sort. As for family affairs, and urgent business, and all the rest that his poor wife wrote to me about, I don't believe a word of it."

"It is a difficult matter," said Felix meditatively, "but I have some reason for thinking that he may be steadier in the future than he has been in the past, and if you would make up your mind to try him once more I think your confidence would be justified."

"I should regret to deny you anything, you ask of us," said Mr. Gould, the manager, "but I should be sorry not to give any young man a fair chance, but you must remember, sir, how important our business is, and what a mistake it would be to employ people who are not thoroughly trustworthy and—"

"You have no reason, I hope, to think that Archie Severne is anything but a trustworthy man," said Felix with some sharpness, and yet his heart sank a little as he said the words. Was he justified in thus upholding Archie in a responsible position where his temptations to dishonesty were so manifold and so various?

"No, no, I have nothing to say against him in the respect," said Mr. Gould with an impartial air, "but when a young fellow is late at his work, careless, unpunctual, and as we know, fond of betting and gambling, one does not like to trust him so entirely as if he were a steady-going fellow like young Tritton."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Felix, "but I have a plan in my head for him which I think I should be able to carry out in a short time, and which would take him away from England altogether. It is my opinion that he would do better in the new world than in this old one. I don't want him to leave England under a cloud." And Felix's argument proved ultimately so successful that he went away with Mr. Gould's promise that if Archie returned to his work in the course of the next three days he should not lose his post, and I hope the young man will be grateful to you, Mr. Hyde, for your intercession," said Mr. Gould as he shook hands with Felix at the door, "for without it I can assure you that Mr. Severne would never have seen the inside of our bank again."

So much was satisfactorily established, and Felix's next piece of work was to proceed to the Royal Hotel, where he wrote a note to Marjory in which he informed her of the general result of his expedition in the town. He did not, of course, tell her any details of his interviews with the people he had seen, but he told her that he had paid off the people who were likely to shan for her money, and that the bank manager would take Archie back, provided that he would return in three days.

"It was most probable," he added, "that Archie would be easily found in Liverpool, and would return to Southminster before the three days had passed, therefore she must not make herself over-anxious. He, Felix, was upon the point of starting for Liverpool, as he thought he might be more likely to find Archie if he went himself."

Marjory cried over the note when she received it. Her heart was full of gratitude to Felix, and she shared her husband's short-comings, and yet she knew that it was Archie who after all possessed her love. Felix was a brother and a friend, the kindest of friends, the most devoted of brothers, but he never could have been anything more. Archie, with all his faults, was still the gay, blue-eyed young lover who had won her heart, and she knew she was willing to endure toil and grief and even shame.

The journey to Liverpool was a wearisome one to Felix, and he felt thoroughly jaded when he reached its termination in the dull, cold light of an early morning. He had a breakfast at the nearest hotel, then found out his friend the detective, whom he knew to be an honest and intelligent man, although employed in work which was not of a particularly savory nature. He at once gave Felix a list of the names of the sailors who had been on board the various steamers and interviewed their respective captains and officers with regard to the passengers who had taken berths for the voyage. He could hear of no passenger answering in any way to Archie's description. A fair hand-some man like Archie would surely not be difficult to identify, yet all his efforts failed in discovering a passenger of that appearance. Towards evening he asked the man, Mr. Grierson, who acted him with the words:

"Well, sir, we've done all that we can do for to-day. There's not another vessel leaves the docks till the morning, and I'm certain that he won't be on board any of those that sailed to-day." Felix mentioned the name of a great Atlantic liner that he himself had visited that afternoon.

"Ah! there," said Grierson, "I put a man on to watch, for I knew it would not be safe to leave the place until the last moment. Why, your gentleman might have come on board the minute before she sailed, and showed my man the gentleman's photo that you gave me, sir, and he said he would know him anywhere. But there wasn't anybody at all like him, save and except," he says, one of the steerage passengers, that had a little of the gentleman's build and figure, but he'd got no mustache, not but what he might have shared it off—and his hair was black; likewise his complexion a dark one."

"He might have attempted some sort of disguise," said Felix anxiously. "Why didn't your man stop him?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Mr. Grierson, in a leisurely manner, "that is what I said to him myself. These country fellows have got no judgment, but I don't think it is very likely that that was your gentleman, sir, especially as you tell me it wasn't what you might call a criminal case and the gentleman wasn't going to be arrested or anything of that sort, therefore it isn't likely that he'd have gone to the trouble of getting a wig and dyeing his skin dark, unless he was escaping, so to speak, from the hands of justice."

Felix was silent. He had not liked to take Grierson entirely into his confidence, and the result was that the detective had formed a wrong idea of Archie's motive for leaving England. If he had known that the missing man was in much in fear of being arrested as any well known criminal, he would have kept his eyes a little wider open. He was intelligent, as we have said, but his assistant and Felix had let the man they sought slip between their fingers, for the steerage passenger with the black hair, which was a wig, and the dark complexion which had been carefully produced by art in an obscure Liverpool lodging-house, was no other than Archie Severne himself, who had thought himself safer in assuming some sort of disguise than in stepping on board the steamer in his own person or under his own name. He was entered on the ship's book as plain "John Brown," which he thought, on the whole, as safe an alias as he could well assume.

Felix stayed some days in Liverpool, searching ships and lodging-houses without effect. He then telegraphed to the agent in New York certain instructions about the examination or inspection of passengers as they landed from the Aurora, but, as might have been expected, without avail. His hopes failed at length and he went sadly back to Southminster, feeling that at present it was impossible to do more than he had done.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Helen's interest in the Belby children had not decreased. She saw almost nothing of their father, and of this she was rather glad, for her intercourse with the children could be much more free and unrestrained when he was not there. To Fanny her friendship was something like new life. The child had been drooping and pining for a little womanly sympathy which Helen knew well how to give. From the most trifling to the weightiest matters Helen's advice and opinion became everything to Fanny. And among the many important points which were submitted to Helen, that of her kind's summer dress was not considered the least important. The old gowns had been dis-interred from the box in the garret, unpicked and washed and remade under Helen's personal superintendence, and she felt quite proud of her success when Fanny appeared for the first time in all the glory of a white dress, simply trimmed with a little embroidery which Helen had given her, and garnished with a blue sash. The child had lost her sickly look since she came to Redwood, and a delicate bloom had come to the cheeks which were once so pale.

The first time Helen perceived that she was likely to grow prettier, for her sunny hair and wistful brown eyes were remarkably beautiful. Helen thought she had done a thing for which Mr. Belby ought to be grateful, in thus making his little daughter's good points so evident.

Fanny in her new dress, and she waited in proud expectation of some word of praise or thanks from Mr. Belby's lips. For Fanny's new dress was too important a matter to be passed over in silence. The younger children looked upon themselves as to explain to their father the pains that Helen had taken for this festive garment.

"Miss Drummond did it nearly all herself, father, and hasn't she made it pretty? It is not a new dress, you know," Lena explained glibly. "It is one that came out of the big box upstairs, and she made it for me."

Helen saw Mr. Belby start and felt his eyes rest with an inexpressible meaning, first on herself, then on Fanny. Somehow she thought he had the look of one who had seen a ghost. "Probably," she reflected, "Fanny was like her mother."

"Do you like it, father?" asked Fanny timidly, blushing a little, and looking down at the folds of her white muslin.

"Yes, it is very nice," said Mr. Belby hurriedly, then in more measured accents, "we are very much obliged to Miss Drummond for her kindness, but he did not look very much obliged, Helen reflected, and she was not at all surprised to see him go out of the room almost immediately and retire to his study, where, as usual, he locked the door. The children looked at one another with mystified, uncomprehending eyes.

"He didn't seem to like it much," said one of the little girls, and Fanny looked at Helen with wistful enquiry.

"Perhaps I ought not to have asked him how he liked it," she said, half questioning, and for once Helen did not know how to answer, for her kind's puzzled by the kind of emotion which Mr. Belby had displayed.

She did not see him again for a day or two, but one afternoon on calling for Fanny to go out for a walk with her she found the curate, to her surprise, walking up and down the little sitting-room, gazing appreciatively at the children's use. He must have seen her coming, for she had passed the window before she entered the house and he greeted her with no surprise.

"I came to find Fanny," she said, feeling as if her presence required explanation. It was seldom she found him without a tribe of children at his heels.

"I believe that she will be back in a few minutes," said Mr. Belby, looking round him vaguely. "The boys are at school. I remember she told me that she wanted to go to the police station and would take the other children with her, but she will be back in ten minutes. I should think. Will you not sit down and wait for her? Or shall I send Mrs. Anderson or someone to find her?"

"No, no, certainly not," said Helen. "I will wait here, and she will be here in a few minutes. No, I was not busy," he said in his abrupt way. And then he began his walk up and down the room again—a curious, ungainly gait, in a shabby way, with stooping shoulders and long, lank arms and legs.

Helen watched him with a feeling of sympathy. She felt that something was wrong, something was making him anxious and therefore more awkward and more uncouth than usual.

"I think I will go and meet Fanny," she said, moving towards the door.

"Ah, Fanny!" he said, stopping in his walk and lifting his head. "I wanted very much to say something to you about Fanny. Would it be troubling you if I asked you to listen to me for a moment?"

"I shall be pleased to hear anything you can tell me about Fanny," said Helen pleasantly. "She is a sweet child, and I am very fond of her."

"She is a good girl. Yes, I think she is sweet and good," he said, ruminatingly. "I want to thank you for all you have done for her."

"I am afraid I have not done much."

"Yes, the children tell me, and they think I don't always hear when they talk among themselves. I know there are many things that nobody but you would have done, and therefore I feel the more ungrateful in what I am going to say."

"Ungrateful? What did the man mean? Was he going to ask her to discontinue her kindness to the children? It seemed a little like it as he went on."

"You were here the other day, when she showed me that dress. You had helped her to make it, they said. Of course I knew the dress, I knew where it came from. It was her mother's dress."

"I hope," said Helen with some embarrassment, "that you had asked her to make use of any of those things in that box upstairs."

"Yes," he said hesitatingly, "but I did not think that they could be used in that way. It looked—it looked just like the dress that she wore before."

"I understand," said Helen gently. "You

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had rather that Fanny did not use those things after all."

"I would rather," he said with sudden energy, "that she did not set her mind upon questions of dress and adornment. I do not want to undervalue your kindness to her, but I should be sorry if she learnt to attach undue importance to frivolous trappings—" he spoke with some hesitation, but although he was embarrassed his manner was singularly earnest, and Helen felt uncertain whether to laugh or be offended at these remarks.

"I assure you, Mr. Belby," she said, "I never saw a child more free from vanity than your little Fanny. There is no harm, you know, in a girl liking to be nice and neat, and it would not add to anyone's happiness, nor to Fanny's own excellence, if she turned out a slattern."

"I know, I know," said Mr. Belby in a curiously distressed kind of manner. "It is very difficult for a man to judge of these matters, but you see, when I first saw the child in her mother's dress I saw her mother again, as I had never seen her in my child before."

"But surely, Mr. Belby," said Helen softly, "that will come to be a comfort to you in time when you have got over the first shock of the resemblance. Fanny is growing into a woman now and I suppose it is natural that she should be like her mother."

"You don't understand," said the curate in a hollow voice. "Of course it is impossible for anybody to understand," and then he turned away and began to pace the room while Helen watched him with a strange suspicion in her heart. Was it possible that Fanny's mother had not been dear to him? or was it simply that she had been so dear that Fanny's likeness to her was inexpressible painful?

Mr. Belby stopped in his walk at last, raised his head and looked straight at her. "I tell you," he said, "what Fanny herself does not know, what I have hidden from the world and hope to hide from these children for ever. Their mother is not dead, but she left me three years ago."

Helen sat mute, not able to speak for the surging crowd of feelings that deprived her almost of the power of thought.

"She was not happy with me," Mr. Belby went on hurriedly, "and she refused at last to live the life that I desired her to live. She went back to the stage from which I had taken her. I have nothing else to say against her, but, added, turning away his face, and beginning the march up and down the room again.

"She was fond of frivolity, excitement, dress, all that I had not the means to provide for her, so, although she had been my wife for nearly ten years, and was the mother of my children, she grew tired of me and the life we lived together, and joined her old companions, who have seen her from time to time, I have done my best to win her back, but she tells me she found her life unendurable, and that she will never return until she is too old to go upon the boards. Then, as I told her, the curate added, turning away his face, and beginning the march up and down the room again.

"But," said Helen, who was somewhat shocked at his narrative and at the tone in which it was told, "do you think it so wrong then to go upon the stage? Why should she not have stayed with you and continued to act?"

"She does not act," said Mr. Belby dryly; "she is a ballet dancer."

Helen was silent. There was something almost ludicrously incongruous in the idea thus presented to her mind. How could it be happiness to her, this gaudy, gaudy-looking curate who had won the heart at any time of a professional dancer, whose lovely, delicate face, as seen in the picture of Fanny's mother, still lingered in her mind? At the same time she felt vaguely that everything that had puzzled her was now explained. The gaily dressed, dainty girl, the tower of ornaments, the dancing shoes in the box upstairs, were, as she had fancied, the cast-off remnants of an actress's wardrobe, and Mr. Belby's horror of anything that suggested vanity or frivolity on Fanny's part was easy to understand. But how had she come about it? Mr. Belby saw the question in her eyes and made an effort to answer it.

"She had been trained as a dancer from her very earliest years," he said, turning his face away from Helen, and once more resuming his tedious walk up and down the room. "She came of a race of theatrical people—the love of the stage was in her blood. I did not know that, I did not realize it until afterwards. I came across her when she was sixteen. Her father and mother were dead. She was ill at the time and utterly friendless, except, of course, for theatrical friends from whom I thought it better to save her. She was very beautiful. I thought she was young enough to be trained, and I married her. My friends cast me off when they heard that I had married a ballet girl," said the curate with a strange, sad smile. "I lost all chance of the good living which had been promised me, but just then I did not care for that. I was happy enough with Frances—Fanny, she liked best to be called—and I thought little of the future."

"And then?" said Helen, who held her breath to hear.

"And then," he said heavily, "the change came. She tired of the monotony of her life. I could not give her the things she wanted, my work did not allow of it, I suppose," his voice sinking to a lower tone. "I ought never to have married her, or if I married her I ought to have given up the church, but at first she was so sweet, so lovable, that I never dreamed how hard it would be to tame a nature like hers."

"And what did you do?" said Helen, as Mr. Belby paused and looked absently out of the window, as if almost forgetting that she was there.

"I did what I could," he answered dryly. "Two or three times I consented to her taking a small part with a traveling company; I

thought that would satisfy her and that she might settle down better afterwards, but this proved impracticable. There came a point where one or other of us had to give way—her tastes or mine, or my work or her profession. That was what it came to and the inevitable end followed. She left me to go her own way, and my children are motherless."

"The children," questioned Helen, "they do not know?"

"They do not know," he echoed sadly, "and as long as I can help it they shall not know."

"But—you must have deceived them then," said Helen, and her voice betrayed that she had suffered a sudden shock. There was something pathetic in the gaze with which Mr. Belby regarded her.

"You think so very wrong?" he said. "But



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it was not my doing entirely, I only acquiesced. She had been ill, pining and fading, consumed with longing for the life she loved, and I went her to the seaside for her health. One of her theater friends came to the house three weeks later and told the children that she was dead. He brought a letter also, to me from her, in which she said she could not live with me any longer, but that she would not disgrace me by letting it be known what she had done. Her children were to think her dead, but she had gone back to the old life under another name, and I might be quite certain that they would never see her more.

"She did not love her children then?"  
"No, I think not," said Mr. Belby mildly, "nor, in a still lower voice, 'did she love me. I think she was incapable of love. The children wept for her, and it seemed to me better that they should mourn for her dead than alive."

"But you tried—you tried to persuade her to come back," said Helen.  
"Yes, I tried that I did my duty," he answered with stern gravity. "I saw her, I treated her to return. But she would not be persuaded. She was young still, and likely to be successful. She absolutely refused to come back. That is my story, Miss Drummond, and the story of my children's mother. You have been good to them, and I could not bear to deceive you."

"Thank you for telling me," she answered in a choked voice. "I am sorry, very sorry."  
"I knew you would be sorry," he said in a halting voice, "and I felt that I could bear that you should know it and be sorry. From some people I could not bear it, you will understand that. I shall know now that you feel for me and the children who have lost so much, but we will not speak of it again. I think of it as little as I can, though of course from time to time remembrance will force itself upon me, and I know that I live a maimed life, maimed, stunted and incomplete, but without power of alteration on this side of the grave. After all, what does it matter? What says the poet: 'On the earth's broken arc, in the heavens a perfect round.'"

Helen's eyes filled with tears. She held out her hand to Mr. Belby, who pressed it warmly, and a cordial friendship seemed from that moment to be cemented between them. They had no more time for conversation, as the children came trooping back from the village, begging to be taken for a walk, and indeed, further conversation on the subject was not what either of them desired, but there was plenty of food for thought for Helen in what she had just heard. She was not certain whether she approved of Mr. Belby's course of action or not, but she was very sorry for him, and she heartily condemned the wife who had abandoned her husband because she did not love him and her children for the sake of a gaudy theatrical career. She had left him because she preferred a different kind of life, but that was all. Whether any darker shadow of blame attached to her, Helen did not stop to think. Harold Belby had carefully kept his wife's name from suspicion of any kind.

To Helen there was something heroic in the sight of this lonely man doing his work bravely and manfully in the face of insurmountable difficulties, hampered by his own shortcomings, by the failure of his wife's love for him, by the ever increasing needs and cares of a young family, yet scoring to murmur or despair, and refusing to let the world know the nature of the sorrow that had maimed his life, as he said, for ever.

**Under no Obligations.**

One day on Powell's River, in the Tennessee Mountains, I rode up to a comfortable-looking farmhouse to enquire the way and I ran plump into a one-sided scrimmage between a sharp-visaged woman and a mealy little man at a wood pile. She was scolding him right and left and he was taking it silently.

"Hello," I broke in. "How far is it to Tazewell?"  
She looked up and stopped scolding.  
"Fourteen miles the way you've got to go," she replied.

"Who lives here?"  
"I do."  
That wasn't very definite, but I didn't let it bother me in the slightest.

"Thanks," I responded. "Could I get my horse fed and my pack for myself?"  
"No. But you kin half a mile fuder down the road."

By this time she had come nearer the gate. "You seem to be having some trouble with your farm hand," I said at a venture.

"Yes, he's the laziest, ornierest white man in these parts."  
"How long have you had him?"  
"About four years."

"Why don't you discharge him?"  
"Can't do it very well, mister."  
"No, is labor scarce?"  
"No, not scarce, edzactly, but I'm kinder use ter him an' he don't give me no back talk."

"But I wouldn't be annoyed by such help."  
"Well, mister, yer can't quite call him help. I reckon he's too ornery fer that."  
"Then why not send him off?"  
"Didn't I tell you I couldn't?"  
She was getting hot again.

"Why not?" I persisted. "Are you under any obligations to him?"  
"In course I ain't; he's my husband."  
"Oh," I laughed, and I got away in time.—*Detrol Free Press.*

**English Opinion**

A writer in *Heraopath's* London, England, *Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."  
After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

**Fin-de-Siecle Young Ladies**

Fond Mother—My daughters have received a thoroughly practical education: each of them is capable of making work for ten servants.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

**A Quick Recovery.**

The doctor of an hospital ship complained to a visitor of a lady colored man whom he could do nothing with. "We don't like to throw the rascal out, but it is easily seen he is only shamming. His fluids, no doubt, his present quarters too pleasant—no work, and plenty to eat. I wish I could get clear of the fellow without creating a disturbance."

"Well, doctor," said the visitor, after a little reflection, "lend me a few yards of string, and that nigger will be miles away before night."

"You don't mean to strangle him, I hope!"  
"Oh, no," replied the visitor; "I promise to do no injury to him."  
He got the twine, and putting on a melancholy air he went to the darkey's berth.

"Very bad?" he said.  
"Yes, massa," replied Sambo; "dreadful sick."  
The visitor made no further remark, but placed one end of the twine at his head, and

drew it slowly—very slowly—until it reached his toes. Then he measured him across his chest. The fellow looked the picture of astonishment and terror, and gasped:

"What dia for?"  
The visitor never answered him, but was walking away, when Sambo sat bolt upright and called after him, imploring an explanation. The visitor pretended to relent, and whispered:

"My poor fellow, the doctor knows you are not going to recover, and it is only an expense keeping you here without any chance of doing you good. I have just been taking your measure—here he lowered his voice still more—for a coffin. We'll bury you with honors to-morrow; it's the custom here in a case like yours. 'Tis best for all hands, you know."

No one knew how or when that nigger got clear of the hospital ship, but there was no trace of him in the morning.

**The Best Advertisement.**

Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturer of Scott's Emulsion from those cured through its use, of consumption and scrofulous diseases! None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

**The Five Great Powers.**

Someone asked Prince G—"Which are the great Powers of Europe?"  
He answered, straight off the reel: "England, Germany, France, Russia, and woman."—*Le Conteur du Vaudeville.*

**For Tired Brain.**

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.  
Dr. O. C. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed."

**A Pushing Business Man.**

Hawker (who has just been kicked out into the street)—Can I sell you a notice plate with: "No hawkers allowed on the premises?"—*Il Pensiero di Nizza.*

**A BAD CASE!**

**A Montreal Lady Who Dreaded Insanity!**

Her Troubles Were Leading to that Condition!

Physicians Failed to Make Her Well!

She Became Disheartened and Despondent!

Some Friends Cheered Her Sinking Heart!

ADVISED A NEW TREATMENT!

She Used Paine's Celery Compound!

IT WORKED MIRACULOUSLY!

SHE IS NOW WELL AND STRONG!

There is nothing that gives more pleasure and happiness to the average man and woman than delivery from agony and suffering. We all expect to meet with a certain amount of pain, and expect to be called upon to share in some of life's trials while in this vale of tears; but continued months and years of excruciating agony we are not prepared for.

Mrs. A. Legault, of 775 St. Andre street, Montreal, has had her sad and terrible experiences in the way of bodily sufferings and mental anguish. Her troubles—headache, sleeplessness, nervous prostration and loss of memory were fast making her a physical wreck, and leading on to the dark gulf of insanity. At a critical period kind friends advised the use of Paine's celery compound, that great preparation discovered by Professor Phelps of Dartmouth Medical College. Mrs. Legault tells us that shortly after she commenced the use of Paine's celery compound it worked wonderfully and miraculously. This is indeed the experience of thousands who have used the life-remedy. No other medicinal agent has ever done such a work in the world of sufferings, and no other can point to so many victories over disease and death. In the following letter Mrs. Legault fully explains her sufferings and tells of her complete cure:

"I cannot help telling all sufferers what Paine's celery compound has done for me. I would have been a lost woman had I continued six months longer in suffering. My case was a bad one. Headache, insomnia, nervous prostration and loss of memory made up my troubles, and I feared they would lead to insanity. I went to several doctors who treated me with all their skill, but I did not get any better. As I am the mother of seven children, I became disheartened with failures and being obliged to spend so much money. My friends advised me to try Paine's celery compound. The first bottle gave me little relief, but the second began to work miraculously on my nerves. I continued using the compound, and after taking nine bottles I can positively say I am cured."

**Correspondence Coupon**

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own part of the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

HELIX—You are deliberate, thoughtful, self-controlled and rather lacking in perception, careful and extremely truthful and honest; you have force but no snap, and while you are getting ready someone else will have got there and back. At the same time you have much ability and some imagination and will develop it fully.

ADRIANUS BRIGHTON—You are sweet-tempered, very adaptable, contented and persevering, with good sense and rather fixed notions on some points. Sometimes you depend too readily, though your temperament is rather even. You are bright and companionable, affectionate and apt to find a secret hard to keep. At the same time you are loyal and would make a charming friend.

VILLETTA—This is a very unfinished specimen showing lack of care and thought and a habit of leaving things in an unfinished condition. I wonder what your top bureau drawer looks like? You are tenacious and a trifle touchy very romantic and idealistic, lacking many attributes which you must cultivate if you wish to be a really charming woman; general culture and some thought of appearance are needed. Writing is painfully crude.

CLOVER LEAF—Your writing is most attractive. I feel as if I could not help liking you. You are bright, observant and vivacious, fond of company and somewhat apt to adorn the same. A firm, constant and sufficiently determined will is touched down by much sweetness of disposition and grace of expression; a very breezy and energetic spirit, loving beauty, and decidedly optimistic, is yours. My love to you, Shamrock, whoever you may be!

KITTEN—1. I never give a second delinquent I am so glad, dear little feline, that you have been trying to conquer your faults, and I am sure you will succeed. Your kind message is warmly returned by Lady Gay. 2. Your taste in books agrees with mine, Diana of the Crossways is delightful. But, just a moment, dear Kitten; don't prefer the society of books to people. There is nothing to come up to a living, loving friend. 3. Thanks for your good wishes; some sweet influence made them come true.

B. CLARET CHALKER—1. I don't want to know anything more. I bow before the constancy of the medical student who after ten years' residence in Toronto still loves Hamilton. 2. Your writing shows persistent effort, courage, independence and generosity. You are cautious to the verge of mistrust, hopeful and buoyant in nature, strong and forceful in will, of great energy and excellent self-control, rather neat and careful in method, and fond of your kind. Positively, I must say you're a nice fellow! See what a lot of good traits it takes to love Hamilton!

KATHLEEN E. Your pretty letter made me very sympathetic, not because I too have suffered your loss but because in the course of nature my turn is not far off. When ever I think of it I try to turn away, but it will not be put aside. Such things be, dear, and one can but look beyond. As you account for your wily strokes by having had an accident so recently, I must try and ignore them. You are a bit of an idealist, very truthful and sincere, somewhat self-assertive, not yet fully developed in many ways, fond of beauty and perhaps musical with good talent, rather a devoted mind, very loving nature and perhaps addicted to literature; come now, confess it! you read a lot and perhaps scribble?

SIRRA—1. Allow me to shake hands with you on paper. Nothing annoys me more than the misapplication of the sickname Yankee to every United States citizen. I am afraid your patience has been tried in another way, by the unavoidable delay in answering your letter. And so you came from the great Gotham. 2. Your writing shows animation and independence, some ambition, which I fancy time will realize, a firm and constant will and a rather practical method. You are generous with good ability and a promise of success in every line. Your self-esteem is healthy and you are courageous and energetic, the sort of person who will surely win if only you try hard. Are you not a little serious and would you not be better for a trifle more of genuine hopefulness?

BARNET—Oh no, you can't start anything of the sort. The subject of the failure of marriage to ensure happiness is done to death, besides being a ridiculous bone of contention to begin with. The discovery that marriage isn't a certain recipe for unalloyed bliss follows on the heels of the honeymoon and should never be taken as a fatal woe. Nothing on earth, external to yourself, man, angel or fiend, can make or mar your peace, unless you are blind, and weak and silly enough to let them. When you wake to the knowledge that your better half isn't quite what you idealized him or her into, just accept the situation and don't incubate a morbid little into a mountain; of all the silly occupations known, that of bemoaning our cracked idol and our mistaken ideal is the most unfortunate and wrong. Take your medicine, Barney! After all it is soon swallowed.

BOX OF MONKEYS—1. You have my sincerest sympathy, my dear fellow. I would rather be a motorman than a bank clerk. Banks are enslaving so many of our young men and the work is good for neither body nor mind. However, if you're in it, I suppose you'd better make the best of it. There is one worse thing, and that is "no work at all." I declare your letter just made me feel cross, but perhaps your discipline is good for you. Cheer up! There isn't any graphological reason why you shouldn't be a manager. Think of that. Do your work well. Starve if you like, but don't get into debt. 2. You have hope, good temper, enterprise, some ambition, and talent for planning, perseverance and sequence of ideas, sympathy, tact and love of the beautiful; you are discreet, honest and sincere. I will send you the price and publisher's name at once of the book you mention, as you had the wit to send me a stamped and addressed envelope. Success to you.

CHARLES STANLEY—I hope you are not dead, though you have had a long walk. There is nothing impossible about Punch's caricature. I know a man not a stone's throw from where I write who has the face and figure you mention, with a heart so gentle and good and an imagination so bright and a soul so white, that I really don't see what Nature was thinking of to do them up in such a parcel. Now for your very interesting hieroglyphics. 2. Your writing shows great reasoning power and capability of subtle analysis. Positively, it makes me a little afraid. However, as we are both Irish as you say, I may take some liberties with it. You are decidedly and slyly humorous. You must be a charming talker, light and deep, and very fond of anecdote and illustration. You ask me if I've ever seen your writing before. If I have I am quite sure I haven't studied it or I should find less interest in it now. You are refined, and love your book, and you don't love many people, though you might if you preferred a quantity to quality, for you are well liked by the many. You have ten endurance and a quality of secrecy which is marvelous. Anything mean and underhand would repel you, but I'd trust you with my bank balance and my biggest secret if I needed a safe depository. Your pun was a severe shock, but I believe you'd do it again. There is a world of significance, powerful invention and facility in the way you


cross your t's. You are persistently cheerful, but your temperament comes out all unawares in certain eloquently despondent strokes. If I wrote as you do I'd not limit myself to be or do anything. It is a hand to which "all things are possible," except the life of the do-nothing and the care-nothing. Adios! Oh, by the way, I have made my study from the envelope and signature.


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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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## Tales of the Territories.

NEXT week we will commence a series of Tales of the Territories written for SATURDAY NIGHT by Mr. Harry Dix, of Regina, N.W.T. These tales are short, ranging from one to two columns in length, and most of them will be illustrated by our artist from sketches drawn by the author. They will form a very interesting and original feature of the paper. The Territories constitute a great storehouse of material for the pen of a facile sketch writer, and all that material has been pretty much neglected in the past. We expect to supplement these tales by two or three from the pens of writers other than Mr. Dix. Tales of the Territories should catch on with the public. They are stirring with episode and rich with Western character-ranchman, Indian and half-breed.

## The Drama.

THE Romany Rye always caught on well as a melodrama, and it is a long way ahead of the average of its kind. As I saw it presented the other evening the general absence of horse-play and extravagance impressed me, but along came the last act with its roaring winds, heaving seas, perishing souls, foundering ships and heroic rescues, and I found it "scenic" enough for anything. If George R. Sims had written the play as it is now presented, I should say that he had worked along through four acts with great enthusiasm and high purpose but found it impossible to create an effective finish, whereupon he either got roaring drunk or went raving mad and produced that which is now set before us. The scenery is good enough in the last act. The way the waves wobble up and down is positively an improvement upon the real ocean in my humble opinion, and reflects great credit on the man in the cellar. The mistake at the creation in making the real ocean out of water instead of cardboard or some other light, manageable material, has been perceived by the property man. The way Jack Herne seizes an axe, knocks down a partition and rescues Joe Heckett and Gerlie, and the way Joe Heckett seizes the same axe, knocks down another partition and rescues Boss Knivitt is, as a fast bit of chopping, not to be sneered at by me. The accuracy of the blows struck is attested by the absence of chips and splinters and the immediate finding of those in need of rescue. And then Joe Heckett dies for no other object than to relieve Herne's future home from the deadweight of a rather disagreeable grandfather-in-law.

The Romany Rye always reminds me of something in Dickens. Joe Heckett and Gerlie recall Little Nell and her grandfather to mind, with the bird store in the stead of the Old Curiosity Shop. Boss Knivitt is a sort of Artful Dodger, while Jabes Duck is a composite of a dozen of those guttersnipes whom Dickens loved to write about, but like all composites the strong lines of each are lost. Marlan Elmore makes a capital Boss Knivitt. George R. Sims, like a great many other writers, pours out mere drivel when he attempts to grow pathetic. The lines that are put into the mouth of old Joe Heckett make him an impossible personage. He is a thief, a midnight burglar of many years' standing, yet he has such a raw conscience that he cannot frame words of denial when his granddaughter implores him to say that he is not a thief as she heard him called. A professional burglar who could not tell a lie, who could not with unruined front push aside and quiet the misgivings of a doting grandchild, would be something new in real life. We all know some very good men who lie involuntarily without possibility of advantage but in sheer abstraction of moral entity, men to whom falsehood is first nature and truth a stilted acquirement, used only when roused up to an artificial plane of honor. I know several men any one of whom might have over his tomb this epitaph, "He told a million lies in his day, yet never wronged a fellowman by word or deed." There are men with whom falsehood is the rule of speech. If one of them jumps twelve feet two inches he will call it twelve feet four inches. If he waits ten minutes on the corner for a car he will call it twenty minutes by the clock. If he gets home late, say two o'clock in the morning, he will say next day it was striking four as he mounted the stairs. They can't help it any more than they can help toeing in or toeing out when they walk. Yet this burglar, Joe Heckett, could not lie and say he was not a burglar to retain the respect of the one human being that loved and respected him.

Mr. Frank Losee was advertised as "America's favorite romantic actor." Mr. Arthur Lloyd was advertised as "England's greatest vocal comedian." It is not surprising that traveling actors should appropriate all the high-sounding names they can think of, but it is surprising that local managers should allow it. The public soon become aware of the humbug, and when an attempt is afterwards made to convince the people that a coming event is really a good thing it is found that every word of praise in the language has been discredited by false use.

MACK.

Arthur Lloyd is certainly a very funny man.

He is described as England's greatest vocal comedian, which leads one to enquire whether humor is not on the decline in England, and also what a vocal comedian is. If by the term is implied a man whose actions are intensely humorous, and whose voice, as a voice, is simply execrable, then undoubtedly Arthur Lloyd is a vocal comedian. Perhaps it means the possessor of a funny voice. Mr. Lloyd is, then, undoubtedly a vocal comedian, for on the night when I heard him he was both husky and flat. His actions are very funny, but some of his jokes are venerable and others entirely too English. Mr. Hawley Francis takes the part of Marmaduke Rugg, who is a rare mixture of ignorance, good nature and toadyism. Miss Annie King-Lloyd is a pleasing and natural actress who manages to dance without filling the air full of skirts. H. King-Lloyd and Mr. Milroy Cooper were both well up in their roles, although the yodling of the latter was nothing out of the common. The play itself is without plot or character and is decidedly a feeble piece to show up the talents of England's greatest vocal comedian.

Miss Lauretta A. Bowes, the talented young artist whose recital takes place on October 30, is a native of Boston, Mass. Nature seems to have chosen Miss Bowes' vocation for her, having endowed her with all the qualifications of a successful elocutionist. A lovely expressive face, a graceful form, pleasing manner and musical voice all are hers. Added to these rare gifts Miss Bowes has had the advantage of the best instruction, having been for some years a pupil of Prof. S. S. Curry of Harvard University, the learned principal of the Boston School of Expression, of which Miss Bowes is a graduate. She also studied under Florence A. Fowle Adams of Boston and Baron Nils Posse of

finest dresses seen in Toronto for a long time, but a week's visit only affords opportunity for displaying a few of them.

The boxing Kangaroo in the Curio is attracting big crowds to the Musée this week. His style of fighting is somewhat novel and permits of his delivering a very heavy blow. He literally lands on his man with all fours, and his tail as well, which is somewhat disconcerting. Down in the theater Denny's songs are the leading feature in a strong list of attractions, which includes some very good tumbling and acrobatic work by McPhee and Hill, songs by German Rose, comedy sketches by Campbell and Evans, and specialties by Bartlett and May.

The annual dual recital of Pauline Johnson and Owen A. Smiley on Tuesday evening next in Association Hall is to be under the patronage of the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Marciano's orchestra and W. H. Hewlett, organist, will assist. The recital will be a unique one by reason of the fact that all the numbers of the two elocutionists are their own composition.

## Music.

The Toronto Ladies' Quartette have re-organized for this season's work, several engagements having already been booked. An acquisition to their ranks is Mrs. Lawrence, the new second soprano of the quartette. Mrs. Lawrence is well known throughout the province as a successful singer. Miss Ella Bridgeland, contralto of Trinity Methodist church, takes the place vacated by Mrs. D. E. Cameron, who was obliged to resign on account of ill-health. Madame d'Auria and Miss Edith Miller will be found in their places as leading soprano and contralto respectively, and the quartette may



MISS LAURETTA A. BOWES, THE ELOCUTIONIST.

Stockholm, Sweden. During last winter Miss Bowes taught in the Conservatory School of Elocution and in a number of the ladies' schools. The editor of one of our magazines says: "To be a beautiful young girl with a charmingly sweet voice and graceful bearing ought to be good fortune enough for anyone, but Miss L. A. Bowes adds to these endowments a rare gift for elocution." Those of our readers who were present at the performance of the Marriage Dramas last season will doubtless remember Miss Bowes in the beautiful Greek chorus. Last winter her time was so occupied in teaching that as a reader this popular young lady was too seldom heard. In interpreting the works of the best writers, Miss Bowes has met with great success. It is in strong dramatic and dramatic lyric that she particularly excels, but such is her versatility of style that she appears with equal success in humor and pathos. As one of our critics has said: "Miss Bowes' work is marked by intelligent study and great depth of thought and feeling." An opportunity will be given those interested in this branch of art of hearing this gifted young reader for themselves in St. George's Hall. She will be assisted by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, solo pianist, who requires no introduction to Toronto audiences. The recital will be under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The programme has been carefully selected from some of the greatest writers of the day and will include a series of studies from the Greek.

Hopkin's Trans-Oceanics will be at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week.

Robert Downing in a varied bill of legitimate dramas will occupy the Grand for the first three nights of next week, opening Monday evening with his favorite play, The Gladiator.

A Chip off the Old Block will be the attraction at the Academy of Music next week.

Jane with Miss Cheatham in the title role has amused big houses at the Grand all week. There is nothing funnier than Jane on the road, but as everybody goes to see it and as I praised it at length when here last, it is passed over this week. It might be remarked, however, that Miss Cheatham has some of the

be depended upon to sustain their excellent reputation of the past.

Mr. Herbert W. Webster, the well known vocal instructor, is organizing a class for children for the purpose of studying a cantata, which will be given in appropriate costumes in Association Hall at Christmas. Applications will be received for admission to the class at Mr. Webster's residence, 64 Winchester street.

The first recital of the season of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was given on Monday evening last in the Conservatory Music Hall. A very large audience gathered to listen to the song recital, large numbers being unable to gain admittance to the hall. A very interesting programme was presented by pupils of Signor d'Auria, who sang in a very intelligent and effective manner, the large audience manifesting its appreciation by continuous applause. The following pupils sang, Miss Marion H. Cumines, Mrs. Alfred Jury, Miss Maud McMaugh, Miss Edith J. Miller, A. T. C. M., Mrs. H. W. Barker, Miss Ethel Shepherd, A. T. C. M., Mr. G. W. Complin, Mr. J. Martin and Mr. Alfred Jury. The selections were by such composers as Mattel, Thomas, de Koven, Mascagni, Clay, Watson, Wellings, Delibes, Strelezki, Allisten, Adams and d'Auria.

Miss Edith Miller, the popular contralto and teacher of vocal music at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and the Presbyterian Ladies' College, has returned from her home in Portage la Prairie and resumed her duties in this city. Shortly before leaving Manitoba, Miss Miller sang with great success at a concert in Winnipeg, the press of that city being unanimous concerning the beauty of her voice and the excellent manner in which she handled it.

MODERATO.

## He Apologized.

THE country press is retelling an item that is funny enough to travel everywhere. Editor Butler of Warton was always a bitter man in those endless bickerings in which "val editors indulge. He proved it in Stratford before he went to Warton, but has often proven it since settling down in that snug little Georgian Bay resort. In his disputes with his opposition editor he felt

called upon recently to couple his rival's name with that of Ananias in a most uncomplimentary and biting paragraph. When a country editor is hopelessly floored he calls in a lawyer, and this his rival seems to have done. The case went into court, or went a certain length, when Editor Butler was ordered to publish an apology for coupling the name of his esteemed rival with that of Ananias. It was bitter medicine but it had to be "took," and Butler in his next issue obeyed the order. His apology left nothing to be desired. But while in the apologetic mood Mr. Butler went further in his efforts at reparation than anyone had contemplated, for he followed on with a formal and obsequious apology to Ananias for coupling his name with that of the opposition editor. And there the matter rests. The court and the rival editor are doubtless in a quandary, while Butler and Ananias are hugging themselves.

MACK.

## Tom Flint's School Days.

THE old College building at Sackville, New Brunswick, now "the Lodge," could many a tale unfold, if, like the house that the Persian magician built, it were suddenly endowed with speech. One of the rooms in the Lodge—now the one in which the University debating society meets—has witnessed many a mirth-provoking scene since the club began to meet there. But even in the old days of severe discipline, when this council-chamber was the place where students recited Evidences of Christianity to a reverend and reverent president, a laughable incident would sometimes occur in that sombre old room.

Among the moral science students who showed evidences of devilry as well as of Christianity, was Tom Flint, now known as Thomas B. Flint, Esq., M. P. for Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. One day a boy whose brother is now one of the leading men of Canada was sitting on one of the long benches in front of the reverend professor's chair, awaiting his turn to recite. Behind him sat the boy who was to become a brilliant member of parliament, his mind intent on problems relating to the immortality of the soul. The future politician, with his thoughts far, far away, put his hand in his pocket and felt a fork, which some friend had placed there at the gladsome dinner hour. Someone had played a trick on him; it was, then, but just that he should play a trick on someone. Such were the ethics of Tom Flint, now Thomas B. Flint, Esq., M. P.

Passing the point of the fork through a crack in the bench ahead of him, he impaled the coat tail of the boy whose brother is a noted Canadian, sat back on his seat and listened to the lecture.

A moment later the boy in front was called upon to recite. It was the custom in those days for a boy to rise when asked to disgorge his knowledge; not to do so was a serious breach of etiquette and ethics.

The boy was really not to blame; he tried his level best to rise superior to the occasion, but could not. The righteous wrath of the professor was enkindled. Again, in tones of thunder, he commanded the unfortunate student to arise. He arose, after making a struggle like that of Enceladus. He arose; by a law of physics, he could hardly help himself, for Flint had withdrawn the fork. The professor seeing the boy coming towards him with the speed of a meteor, was alarmed. He feared that this action was the beginning of a mutiny, and resolved to nip the insurrection in the bud. He told the supposed ring-leader to sit down. The wronged scholar attempted to do so, in a stately manner, but found it to be as difficult as it was to rise at the word of command. For the pious lads had piled all their books on the seat so recently vacated, and the boy was brought up standing. And now a veil will be drawn over the rest of this distressful scene. That is what practiced writers say when their imagination or information gives out. The present historian has no imagination, but, like Mr. Gradgrind, is careful to set down nothing but the facts; so as he was not present at that lecture, he is compelled to hide his ignorance of what happened next under that same old veil.

HARRY A. WOODWORTH,  
Parrboro, N. S.



Paresis—I am a very poor hand at remembering names.  
Cynic—That must be a satisfaction to you considering the names that people call you.

Newman—Does whisky go to your head?  
Rounder—Always—in transit.

He—You will be mine forever?  
She—O, no!  
He—What?  
She—I don't expect to live forever.

Wonderer—I often wonder what sort of fuel Hades is supplied with.  
Badun—Why, with pit coal, of course.

Rounder—How does the campaign suit you as far as it has got?  
Old Soak—First rate. Been (hic) full ever since it started.

Her eyes were lustrous, large and soft,  
Her face was more than mortal fair,  
I tried to steal a kiss, alas!  
I only kissed her store made hair.

Ethel—How long have Clara and Jack Dash-  
ing been acquainted.  
Maud—Long enough to get engaged.  
Ethel—I thought they were acquainted longer than that.

Chapple—Old Cynicus insulted me to-day.  
Cholly—Nevah mind, deah boy. He sneaks at every young fellow's bawls.  
Chapple—But it wathn't at my bawls he sneaked, bah jove! It wath at my tie.

ARTHUR PETERSON.

## Tel-el-Kebir

UP TO DATE.

For Saturday Night.

The realistic representation of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir was the best and most successful attraction at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition this year.—Daily paper.

I s'pose you've read or Hegyph,  
An' the war in the Soudan,  
Or the fight at Tel-el-Kebir,  
With the fuzzy-wuzzy man.

'Ow th' Egyptians fit toke 'eros,  
'Ow the "Gawds" was banded back,  
'Ow the "Kitties" stormed the trenches,  
An' did most or the "attack."

An' it's molahy histeristo',  
An' hexolite' readin', too,  
Hespecially fer civillians,  
An' fer folks like me an' you.

But 'istories ain't authentic,  
'No! nor nothink tolke is too,  
An' as fer "Tel-el-Kebir,"  
Wy, it isn't more'n air true.

I know 'cause I was in it,  
I seed an' 'seed it hall;  
The first to maunc the parypet,  
The second man to fall.

It was heahy h'n September,  
Jist afore the Haultun drill,  
We was told "there's to be fightin',"  
An' goes hat with a will.

We didn't tol to keep in step,  
Nor bother markin' tolme,  
Nor "feel the touch" nor nothink,  
But we got there, jist the same.

We "deploid," "advanced by rushes,"  
"Reinforced," an' "changed front" too,  
In fact there was no movemints  
We didn't tol to do.

An' when we got "prepare to charge,"  
There warn't no 'agin' back,  
The front rank trilled, stepped hout a bit,  
An' let it go at that.

Then follered the command to "charge,"  
An' with a mighty shout,  
We jist made hup h'our bloomin' melnde  
To clean them 'gyptians hout.

An' they kep' hup a-shootin'  
An' a-yellin' all the tolme,  
But it didn't make no difference,  
We kep' chargin', jist the same;

Till we got hup to them ramparts  
When the beggars turned an' run,  
An' the c'ffers blowed their whistles  
An' the bloomin' fight was won.

But we didn't get no medals,  
Nor promotions from the rawks,  
Nor no Victories Crooses,  
Nor no grateful nation's thanks.

But I'll tell you wot we did git  
Jist fer bein' in the fight,  
The Hindustani Exhibition  
Gave us fifty cents a night.

MAXWELL DREW.

## A Queer Case.

For Saturday Night.

Albert Bellows, a Brooklyn clothing cutter, got his under jaw caught while yawning, and it took a surgeon fifteen minutes to get it shut. Bellows, wind, jaw, physical endurance, these things suggest a Capitol scene.—Telegram, Thursday, October 13.

A very, very curious jaw  
Hae Mr. Albert Bellows,  
Quite independent of the jaw  
Which governs other fellows'.

His jaw, whenever his mouth he opees  
In yawning, spouting, bragging,  
Keeps still and disappoints his hopes  
As if opposed to wagging.

Though he secures a surgeon's aid  
With all his skill and art, it  
Takes fifteen minutes to persuade  
That jaw to let them start it.

O, what a blessed calm would fall  
On men of all conditions,  
If such a jaw belonged to all  
Our local politicians.

Start theirs and then, O evil hour!  
Untiring and unflagging,  
'Twould take ten thousand surgeon power  
Two hours to stop their wagging.

ROLAND.

## Their Little Way.

For Saturday Night.

He went and called upon her  
In broadcloth new and fine,  
His tie a marvel of conceit,  
His boots their blackest shine.

A little one, the newest thing,  
He in his hand did bear;  
He tripped into the room and sat  
Down on an easy-chair.

He hummed and hawed, to his mustache  
He gave a graceful curl,  
And beamed a most complacent smile  
Upon his darling girl.

He talked about the weather,  
He prosed upon the showers,  
He flirted with the sun and moon,  
He gambled with the flowers.

He talked and talked, and smiled and smiled,  
Her very brain did whirl,  
She wished him off in Jericho,  
His dearest, darling girl.

At last he rose, and with what joy  
She saw him then depart,  
While he went murmuring down the stair,  
"Dear thing, I've won her heart."

AMY GORDON.

## Alone.

He stands alone amid the joyous throng,  
A mortal lost upon the sea of life;  
Unto his ears the merry shout and song  
But turn to cries of agony and strife.

He has no brother, sister, child nor wife,  
Nor father, nor a mother's tender love  
That care for him. The sunbeams from above  
Descend and out him like a woman's knife.

No deed of wilful wrong was ever done  
By him; and yet his anguished soul can trace  
Along the path of his which he has run  
A line of errors nothing can efface.

And now, forsaken, gloomy, in disgrace,  
Denied by kindred and by former friends,  
Down to the very dust his proud head bends  
While Death and Woe are stamped upon his face.

Alone! No word of sympathy or cheer  
Is offered to his sad and lonely heart;  
No sounds of tender cadence reach his ear  
Nor to his spirit joyful news impart.

Despair exhausts on him his hellish art;  
He suffers hell on earth; and now, what more  
Can Justice claim upon the other shore  
When from the earth his spirit shall depart?

—Albert Munson, in the Californian.

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# Between You and Me.

**D** ID you ever grow pansies, O men and women? If you did, you will say "True!" when I assert that they are the most sociable and satisfactory things for the money ever grown. In the first place, they don't take much room, thrive without much fussing, and how they bloom! Mr. Gay went in for pansies in April; I scoffed at his seed packages, but secretly, for he is apt to be sensitive to scoffs. By and by he began to triumph, and he has been on a pinnacle of success all the autumn. For the pansies have done their duty like Nelson's men-of-war, and the months have been beautiful because of them. One morning you go out unthinking, and meet a demure little pansy face wreathed in smiles, positively winking at you—for pansies can wink! After a rainy night you find a meek-browed, golden bloom, drooping and putting like a hurt baby; or a dripping, rascally, black scamp, with his ebony face soured and darkly grinning with glee, or a parti-colored beauty with disgust in every staring petal at the kisses of the rain-god. They appeal to you to pick them and carry them indoors, and you can no more disregard their appeal than you could leave a real child alone out in the wet. I have gloated over these funny, chatty little flowers, and wondered at their streaked and blotched and velvety petals, and laughed in their saucy faces, and had a delightful summer generally with the dear bright things. They are the only autumn flowers that don't whisper of coming winter. The dahlias wear rich, warm, glowing colors and curl their leaves closely together. The zinnias blaze in flaunting orange and homely purple, the petunias straggle round like the little tramps they are, with their summer petticoats dragged and disreputable. Only the dear pansies, trig and pretty and bigger and handsomer than ever, look like August more than November. They may be old veterans of the summer of '93, but as kind people say when they mention your age, they "don't look it."

The ladies with the moth preventive are sure harbingers of winter. Ye gods, how they smell! In the cars, in the shops, in the sanctuaries they debate your thoughts from higher things and proportionately elevate your protesting internal economy! Last Sunday night a sweet lady sitting next me had a seal cape full of odors seal, mind you, that needs no such vile protection from the tiny pirate. She apologized for it, and I said it didn't matter in the least, while my tongue lagged over my falsehood and my eyes saw two hundred choir boys chanting the psalms and a dozen or so of curates reading the collects. It very nearly made an end of my devotions, and once more I conjure these thoughtless little dames to air and deodorize their furs before wearing them to church, where the people can't change cars or shop at another counter.

We are trying to get away for four long days to see the closing of the World's Fair next Monday evening. Not an editorial we, but a real pair of women. The people who don't care laugh at our proposed visit. It's not worth while, say they, but they don't know. It is worth while, if one only sat for an afternoon by the shores of the Grand Basin and carried away the fair sweet picture to keep in a memory that has never before had real sight of the White Cities of Ancient Days. One can think and dream over that picture, and its beauty and charm will be a sacred thing in years to come. Verily one needs such things in this life of ours.

And in even three days one learns a lot. I am going to demand the fullest information about the heating and lighting of the future, from a small red-haired person in the electricity building, who wears over-trodden shoes and a shocking bad hat, but who knows it all and loves to tell it to those who want to hear. And he will show me the cooking range of the future, with its plate glass oven doors, and its many buttons and myriad contrivances for the preparation of thanksgiving dinners, and even the bran new gas range in which my soul's delectable will be nowhere after I have learned the true inwardness of the electric cooking stove. I am glad to have the gas range, so glad that on Sundays I hold orgies baked and boiled, and my letters to my dearest friends are apt to end, like Labouchere's woman editor's, in recipes for good things to eat; but I only cherish the gas range in preparation for the electric one, and that is the first thing I shall be after when I reach Electricity Building.

I heard a cruel little story one day lately about a horrid parent who had a lovely daughter who had an adorer. And the daughter and the adorer haunted a dark arbor opposite the library window, and the parent heard them giggling and whispering evening after evening as he wrote and thought, and it made him revengeful and eternally mean. He ran an electric wire into the arbor from his room and at ten o'clock he pressed the button and drew down the library blinds, for he was rather a gentleman, though a horrid parent. And the lights gleamed merrily in the arbor and now the adorer gets away home about five minutes to ten and papa writes and thinks and smiles to himself. See what electricity can do when everything else is powerless.

By the way, do you know the lady who speaks loudly? She was at lunch near me the other day and what do you think she was talking about? Nothing less than the preparations for her own wedding. Sometimes she is so explicit about her complaints and her trials as mother, wife and housekeeper that one feels really like putting one's fingers into one's ears, but when she discusses her approaching nuptials one certainly may listen. It sounds so very odd. Perhaps the funniest unintentional confidence ever imparted to an amused public was heard in a church where I happened to be playing the closing voluntary. It was a loud march with a sudden pianissimo passage, which last was accompanied from the aisle below by the following sentence: "I've taken a chill. I forgot my flannel petticoat." In the high distinct tones of a mother in Israel, who was slowly ambling out of the edifice. The unexpected recitative was extremely trying to the gravity of her neighbors and rather upset the harmonies of

# IN MY STUDY



**A** GREAT event in the annals of the Anglican church was the General Synod which has been lately held in Toronto; and we Anglicans ought to feel very much gratified. But there is no need to tell us so. Every paper in the interests of the church—I was going to say, every pulp—full of jubilation. "What a grand achievement! What wonderful progress! The whole church of the Dominion consolidated into one grand body!"—and all that sort of thing. It is a happy arrangement, no doubt, but we need not be so awfully elated. The Presbyterians and Methodists completed their schemes of unification long ago; we have been slowly following in the wake of religious and political events. It was not so in the days of old. Green's History of the English People informs every high school pupil how Theodore of Tarsus, Thomas Becket, Stephen Langton and other occupants of the chair of St. Augustine in Canterbury led the way in the social and political, as well as religious, progress of the nation.

However, better late than never. Only let us not crow too loudly; for other bodies can justly retort that we are late in the day. It is our excessive conservatism which causes us to lag in the race. This ultra-conservatism is the fault, not of the church but of circumstances over which she has no control. All organized bodies, whether civil or religious, need, for healthy life, the two counteracting forces of conservatism and reform. As biologists tell us that every organism needs the two forces of "Fidelity to Type" (conservatism) whereby like reproduces like, and "Adaptability of Environment" (reform) in order to survive in the struggle for existence—so does sociology teach us that the fullest life of any nation or race is the resultant of these two forces.

In the body politic these forces react on one another. Reform is held in check by conservatism and for a while overborne, but the ultimate issue is always reform modified by conservatism. In the body ecclesiastic it works otherwise. Reform, always uneasy and impatient, cannot brook restraints. It secedes, it forms its own policy, levies its own taxes and declares civil war. In other words, disruptions of the church take place and rival sects or denominations are formed. Every denomination so detaching itself withdraws from the parent body so much of the reforming element and then the conservative element unduly preponderates in the remnant.

Ultra-conservatism when placed in unwonted circumstances is apt to look foolish sometimes. The Anglican church, transplanted into Canada, is so nervously anxious about her conformity to type, so fearful of change that she clings hysterically to every jot and tittle of the phraseology of the Prayer Book. We are still praying in our Litany for "the Lords of the Council and all the Nobility," when none of us can tell exactly who "the Lords of the Council" may be, for whom we are so devoutly praying.

We see how this slavish copying of the original can degenerate into a caricature in the first discussion at the late general Synod over the designation of the church. The original draft began: "We the Bishops of the Holy Catholic church in communion with the Church of England." Forthwith amendments and protests poured in—"That is not correct!" "That is not legal!" "They are Bishops of the Church of England!" and so forth. Finally it was determined that our designation was to be "The Church of England in Canada."

Now of all the titles we could have chosen this seems to me the most unfortunate. It would have been better to have called ourselves Protestant Episcopal, inapt and vague as I conceive that title to be. Still, it would be less objectionable; because the Church of England in Canada has nothing to recommend it. It is neither scriptural, nor seemingly, nor true to facts, however legal.

It is not scriptural. We do not read of the Church of Jerusalem in Antioch, nor does St. Paul write to the Church of Ephesus in Galatia, or the Church of Philippi in Corinth. In fact, such a name is not Protestant. The very *gens et origo* of mischief and error in the medieval church, according to our reformers, was the domination of the church of one place over the church of another place. Our thirty-seventh article proclaims, with due emphasis in the way of italics, "The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England;" and the thirty-fourth article insists upon the liberty (within certain bounds) of every particular or national church.

"Ah, but," they say to me, "we are not a nation, we are only a colony." I reply, we are not a colony, we are a dominion—whatever that may be. And moreover, if we are a colony, we are not a colony of England alone. We are an integral part of the great Empire. I am thankful to say, for I am a devoted Imperialist; and I hope we shall always remain a part, not of the English, but of the British Empire. Englishmen are apt to forget that their country is only a part of the United Kingdom. There was a little too much of England even in that grand speech of Lord Salisbury's against the Home Rule Bill: England will not stand this; England could not tolerate that. Englishmen are too fond of taking it for granted that the southern half of Great Britain has a right to adopt the French Emperor's phrase, *L'empire c'est moi*.

Again, the title The Church of England in Canada is mischievous, because it is misleading.

# ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



XIV.—H. M. The Queen Regent of Holland.

It will naturally make people think that our Church does not want the adherence of any but Englishmen. I know that many an individual who might otherwise find a congenial religious atmosphere in our communion, is hindered or repelled by the thought, "That cannot be my spiritual home, for I am not English."

Again, the title is not true to facts. The retention of the word England affords no charms for Englishmen or those of English descent in Canada, for the majority of them abandon our communion and become Methodists. In Canada the great bulk of those who remain steadfast and loyal to the Church are Irishmen. In the first mission of which I had charge, I, as an Englishman, felt considerable awkwardness for a while, because the principal congregation in that mission was composed exclusively of Irishmen. I was often mildly rebuked when I talked of the Church of England, by being reminded that the full title was "The United Church of England and Ireland." For those were the days before Disestablishment. On more than one occasion, when I asked my churchwarden if Mr. So-and-so, who lived in the neighborhood, was a Churchman, he would scornfully reply, "Churchman? Oh, dear, no! he's an Englishman!"

In the other part of that mission the two staunchest and most liberal supporters were Highlanders, who in the old country had been members of the Scottish Episcopal Church. They, too, when they heard continually the words Church of England, felt as resentful as naturally did those Scottish tars in Nelson's fleet every man to do his duty. "England expects every man to do his duty," says Sandy to Donald, "Tis aye England, England! Nae word of puir auld Scotland!" "Het, mon," says Donald, "there's nae need; Scotland keeps weel enoo' that her bairns will do their duty!" All these new experiences no doubt largely contributed to knock the proverbial English bumpiness out of me in those days of my youth.

But, after all, now that the disestablishment of the Irish part of the United Church has been accomplished, what can we do? We can no longer speak of "The United Church of England and Ireland." Shall we say, "the formerly united," or "the late united," or "the dis-united," so as to bring in the Church of Ireland somehow and give their due to the majority of our members? When we think of Archbishop Lewis, Bishop Sullivan, Dean Carmichael, Archdeacons Roe, Lauder, Bedford-Jones, and I know how many more worthy and brilliant sons of the Church of Ireland, and of the Primate of Canada, who is a full-blooded Scot, it seems arrogant on our part to talk of the Church of England.

I confess there is as much trouble about our name as if it had been Montague or Capulet. Still, on the whole I think it would have been better to have left the declaration as it was originally worded, for it implied that branch, or section, or part of the Holy Catholic Church which is in communion with the Church of England.

But I imagine there were two parties or classes opposed to this nomenclature. First,

those (sometimes derisively called "protestants") who have a holy horror of the term "Holy Catholic Church," for to them it is suggestive of popes, indulgences, inquisitions, interdicts and all sorts of dreadful things. I fear the good souls will eventually try to change the creed and make us say (instead of "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church") "I believe in the Church of England in Canada."

The other class (profanely named "Wooden Anglicans") are in mortal dread of our cutting loose altogether from the apron-strings of the mother church and indulging our newly acquired liberty in all sorts of vagaries. Surely such ultra-conservatives might take heart of grace by studying the Episcopal Church in the United States and noting how loyal she has remained to the old traditions, notwithstanding her rejection (very properly) of the word "England."

Perhaps the best thing we can do now, under all circumstances, is to speak of our communion as the Anglican Church. To be sure that means just the same thing as the Church of England, but then it does not sound quite so insular, and angular, and local and limited. Of two evils let us choose the least. For myself, I would hate to be called a "Church of England-man," but I do not mind, nay, I am proud of being called an "Anglican."

PARSON.

# Out of Town Weddings.

A beautiful autumn wedding took place in Goderich on Wednesday, October 18, when Miss Hattie Price and Mr. Robert C. Hays were married. St. George's church, the scene of the bridal, was decorated with palms and autumn leaves, and at half past eleven the bride was led in by her father, preceded by her maids of honor, Misses Mary and Dora Price, her sisters. Miss May Price of Belleville, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid. The wedding gown was of heavy cream *faille*, *en train*, with rich lace, veil and orange blossoms. The bride carried a pretty white prayer book, but no bouquet. The maids of honor wore Empire frocks of cream silk, picture hats and bouquets of ferns. The bridesmaid's dress was of striped buttercup satin, with large hat, and she carried a shower bouquet of cream roses. Mr. C. R. Shaver was best man, while Messrs. Hector Hays and St. George Price were ushers. A reception and *dejeuner* at Charnwood Villa followed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Hays left for a bridal tour through Eastern Canada.

It was a very pretty but quiet wedding that took place at the residence of Mr. F. C. Stewart, Ex M. P. P., of Orangeville on the afternoon of October 18, when his daughter, Miss Annie Ellis, was led to the altar by Mr. F. A. W. of Royston, Mitchell. The bride's cup of joy should be indeed full if it be true that "Happy is the bride on whom the sun shines," as the sky was cloudless and the weather such as would make any heart feel glad. The bride was beautifully attired in white corded silk trimmed with Irish point lace, and she carried in her hand an exquisitely beautiful bouquet of bridal white roses and smilax. The duties of bridesmaid were efficiently and gracefully

performed by Miss Harris of Parkdale who wore a cream dress trimmed with Irish guipure lace, and carried in her hand a handsome bouquet of crimson and white carnations. The groom, who looked his very happiest, was supported by Mr. S. A. Hodge of Mitchell. After the ceremony was over the happy company partook of a sumptuous repast, concluding with the customary toasts being proposed, when several congratulatory and complimentary speeches were indulged in. Amid showers of rice and old shoes the happy couple took the evening train for New York and other cities, carrying with them the best wishes of their many friends. The presents to the bride were many and bore evidence of her popularity and the high esteem in which she is held by those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance. During the afternoon many telegrams were received by the contracting parties expressing the kindest wishes for their welfare and happiness. Among the guests present were: Rev. Canon and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Maitland McCarthy, Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Walsh, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, Mr. Leigh McCarthy, Mr. W. R. C. Hewat and Miss Hewat of Orangeville, Miss Awty, the Misses Gussie and Kate Awty, and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Thompson of Mitchell, Mrs. R. H. Coleman, Mrs. Hyde and Mr. Harry Spratt of Toronto, Miss Harris and Miss Florence Harris of Parkdale, and Mr. H. C. Stewart (Cornie) of Simcoe.

On Wednesday, October 18, a pretty wedding took place at Deer Park, when Miss Collette Skinner and Mr. John Tretaway of Chicago were married. The ceremony took place in the Presbyterian church, Rev. Mr. Freeman and Rev. Mr. White officiating. It was the first wedding solemnized in this church. Miss Skinner wore a white silk gown with orange wreath and veil, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Ida Davies, daughter of Mr. Davies, Sherbourne street, who acted as maid of honor, Miss Etta Tretaway of Owen Sound, sister of the groom, and Miss Helen Tretaway of Sarnia, cousin of the groom. All three wore cream *crepon* trimmed with pink silk and carried maiden hair ferns. The best man was Mr. Richard Tretaway of Sarnia. After the ceremony the wedding breakfast was served at the residence of Mr. Skinner, father of the bride. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jaffray, Mr. William Jaffray, Mr. R. Jaffray, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Tretaway of Owen Sound, Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss Gibson of Deer Park, Mr. and Mrs. Davies of Sherbourne street, Misses Lillie and Della Davies, Miss Mary Jaffray, Miss Libbie Jaffray, Mr. and Mrs. Patrie, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Rev. Mr. Freeman and Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Willis of Aurora, Mrs. Goodrich of Uxbridge, Mr. Richard Tretaway of Owen Sound, Miss Gerie Farewell of Eglinton, and many others. Mr. and Mrs. Tretaway left at four in the afternoon for a trip through the West, after which they will take up their residence in Chicago.

# The Pleasantries of War.

**T**HE Queen's Own Rifles and 48th Highlanders held their annual company rifle matches on Saturday, the 21st inst., at the Mimico Ranges. There was a large turnout, the weather being everything that could be desired. The men spent a very pleasant and profitable afternoon, some very fair shooting being done. This ends the season's shooting, and a great many



of our volunteers will miss this afternoon's outing. Not so the neighboring farmers, who will rejoice that they have a few remaining apples. Apples are one of the principal features of practice, for after the shooting there is a general stampede for the favorite trees. It is surprising to see how quickly the red fruit disappears, and what fun the boys have in pitching the cores at their friends. From an agricultural point of view this may not seem the highest form of good fun, but to the volunteers one of the finest things in the whole science of soldiering is practicing at targets situated reasonably close to a few good orchards.

# Wonder What She Meant.

**A**S the congregation of a west end church was coming out after service last Sunday evening, a young man stepped up to Miss B—, evidently with the intention of escorting her home, and saluting her, exclaimed: "Good-night Miss B—."

"Oh, how glad I am of that," she remarked, and walked on with her female companion.

M.

In this country a pull is never a drawback.



Views in Elm Park, Winnipeg.



From Winnipeg Saturday Night



# NOTABLE EVENTS IN \* HISTORY \*

NO. VII.—PROPHETS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Prophets and soothsayers were very numerous in the middle ages. Merlin, in the seventh century, was the greatest of these. Even so late as the fifteenth century his wild guesses at the future—so vague in meaning and obscure in expression that they lent themselves readily to different interpretations—were accepted throughout the West of Europe as utterances of infallible import. Sometimes the same oracle received the most opposite interpretations. Thus, when King William the Lion of Scotland was captured by an English army and imprisoned in Richmond Castle, Matthew Paris, the historian, informs us that the event was looked upon as fulfilling one of Merlin's prophetic deliverances—"A bit shall be thrust in his teeth, forged on the shore of the Armoric Gulf"—the Armoric Gulf being understood as referring to the channel hereditarily owned by the Lords of Armorica or Brittany, then a province of the English throne. But some months later the same prophecy was applied to Henry II., who, on the revolt of his sons John and Richard, had been closely pressed by his allies the Bretons.

Henry IV., having fallen ill while saying his prayers at the shrine of St. Edward in Westminster Abbey at the beginning of 1413, the King was carried into the Abbot's residence close at hand. On coming to himself, he enquired what place it was, and his attendants replied that he was lying in the Jerusalem Chamber. Then said the King: "Loving be the Father of Heaven, for now I know I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy of one who before said I should die in Jerusalem." This prophecy he had previously interpreted to mean he should die in the Holy City.

In like manner Pope Sylvester II., having made a brazen head—like Roger Bacon's—obtained from it the information that he would not die before he had chanted mass in Jerusalem. One day, while celebrating mass in a



The Wizard warning the Duke of Suffolk.

church at Rome, he was overtaken by serious illness and on making enquiry found that the church was named Jerusalem. Of course the oracle of the brazen head was duly fulfilled.

Cardinal Wolsey had been warned to beware of Kingston and was especially careful never to enter the town so named; but this did not prevent him, when his fall occurred, from being arrested by Sir Walter Kingston.

The witch of Ely is said to have warned Edward Duke of Somerset that he would be defeated and slain at a castle:

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be on the sandy plain

Than where castles mounted stand.

He fell in the first battle of St. Alban's and his dead body was found:

Underneath an alehouse paltry sign—

"The Castle."

William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk (temp. Henry VI.) was warned by a wizard to beware of water and avoid the Tower. When his enemies prevailed against him he hastened from London and its Tower with a view of escaping to France. On his passage across the channel he was captured by the King's ship, Nicholas of the Tower, commanded by one Walter Whitmore. The dramatist makes the unfortunate Duke exclaim:

Thy name affright me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth.

And told me that by water I should die;

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded.

Thy name is Gualter, being rightly sounded.

However, Suffolk was straightway beheaded and the quibbling prediction fulfilled.

Michael Nostradamus, who died in 1566, was perhaps the greatest prophet since Merlin's time. He is said to have predicted the great London fire, the execution of Charles I. and the ascendancy of Cromwell. His son, considering second sight hereditary, also tried his hand at prophecy but with fatal consequences. When the Catholic army, in 1574, was besieging the town of Pouzin, in Languedoc, Saint Luc, its commander, enquired of young Nostradamus what would be the result. The prophet replied that the town would perish by fire, and when the place had been taken the prophet was caught in the act of setting fire to the town in several places. Next day when St. Luc met him he said: "Come now, Master P. prophet, can you tell if any accident will befall you to-day?" And on Nostradamus confidently replying "None," he struck him in the stomach with his stick and so startled his horse that it reared and threw the rider, striking Nostradamus on the head. Thus died a most promising and enterprising prophet.

Some predictions by the mental anxiety they create work out their own fulfillments. When Peter and John de Carvajal had been found guilty of murder on most inadequate evidence, and sentenced to be thrown from the summit of a rock, Ferdinand IV., who was then king of Spain (1362), could not be induced to pardon

them. As they were led to execution they called upon God to witness their innocence, and appealed to His tribunal, before which they summoned the king to appear in thirty days' time. Ferdinand laughed at the summons; but some days afterwards fell sick, and retired to his country place to recover his health and divert his mind, hoping to shake off the remembrance of the summons, which troubled him in spite of his laughter. On the thirtieth day he seemed better, and was very merry and cheerful, ridiculing the uneasiness he had experienced; he retired to rest as usual, but was found dead in his bed next morning.

There are countless so-called prophecies in history, but these must suffice. Most prophecies in the middle ages, like those of our own day, were made after the event and dated back.

## Heads and Hats.

**R**OUND hats are of such varied shapes and fabrics this season that they are suited to all occasions, and will be very generally used for plain wear and for dress alike. Bonnets, on the contrary, are limited to extremely small shapes, and will be worn by young women only on elaborate occasions in the afternoon and at the theater, though, of course, elderly women will use them altogether. Large round hats that were not seen at the earliest "openings" are now shown for afternoon wear. They are of black velvet or glossy beaver, of satin antique or of felt, in charmingly picturesque shapes, with the front of the brim flaring away from the face and disclosing a single rose resting lightly on the softly waved hair. This may be a glowing "red, red rose," or else the purest white, or perhaps cream color, but, alas! is often a strange anomaly that nature never produces—a black rose—which is so distasteful to most people that even the best milliners cannot give it a lasting vogue. The low crown of these broad hats is smoothly covered and has not even a band around it, the only trimming being a large panache of five black ostrich feathers posed on the left of the front, some of them curling over the brim and others turning back on the crown.



The favorite close-fitting toque is now merely a bonnet without strings, and often has the brim turned up in front in the fashion of the Napoleon hats. This last touch gives great chic to a pretty toque of brown felt, with the rolled-up front covered with emerald velvet, which also extends around the right side to the back, meeting a small brown sable tail which covers the left side of the brim. Other sable tails are erect in front amid velvet ends. Black velvet hats are seen with brim cleft in front, resting on white point of Venice lace arranged like a cap against the hair, and showing both in front and back. Two black plumes and a high aigrette are the trimmings. The simpler felt and beaver hats for traveling and morning wear have the merest edge of silky black Persian fur, with loops of the same, and a miniature head of the animal tied on with satin or gros grain ribbon.

A hat which promises to be popular with those to whom it may prove becoming, is a very flat three-cornered shape made of double felt, the inside of a contrasting color that furnishes a pretty facing. Thus a green felt hat is made over a brim of violet felt, which shows up to the smoothly cut edges where it is closely turned up against the crown, giving a decided point in front. The trimming is a very flat, large bow covering the crown, made of wide shot ribbon in green, violet and yellow tints, completed by two dark purplish roses at the back. This is also made in brown felt with mauve or with *ecru*, and in black felt with green or magenta. Other three-cornered hats of beaver or of velvet have the open-looped Louis Seize bow of last season as part of their garniture, resting on the left side, with black and colored roses on the left and back. The Louis Seize bow is made of milliner's folds of velvet or satin, wired slightly to form three or four open loops and two ends, the latter waved, twisted and pointed outward or toward the front and back. This showy bow is very pretty when made of brown velvet on a three-cornered hat of the same velvet, trimmed with yellow and black roses in clusters, the petals of lustrous silk or else of glossy satin antique.

The tiny capotes scarcely deserve to be called bonnets, as they seem meant merely to decorate the head, not to protect it, and drooping ornaments imitating ear-rings being added to some of the more elaborate models. Large rings of Rhine-stones are placed low on each side of jet or tulle bonnets, or else there are pear-shaped pendants of jet-Charlotte Corday cap-shaped bonnets are again made of net or of velvet, and many of the so-called "dress-bonnets" are of gold bullion threads. Jet is in greater favor than ever, as it is now made extremely light, even a coronet of large jet roses or chrysanthemums having but little



weight. Very light colors and white are used to trim jet or gold bonnets, as a Louis Seize bow of pale turquoise blue or of magenta pink velvet on jet spangled bonnets, while gold bonnets are trimmed with white Venice lace bows.

A small jet bonnet with long sides has white lace drooping at the back, with an open bow of cerise ribbon. Black roses droop each side of a pink velvet capote, which has a broad front bow of black lace holding two Rhine-stone rings in the middle strap. Closely clipped black and green feathers make a tiny capote that is trimmed with an open bow of magenta velvet. A Valkyrie capote of jet spangles has two black wings across the front, and around its brim is a draped veil of white duchesse lace drawn through jet rings at intervals, the ends of the veil drooping on the lower back hair. The only large bonnets are in modified Empire shape, with flaring front filled in with flowers next the hair, or with ribbon loops. Thus a black velvet Empire bonnet has the brim faced with glossy black beaver, and holding a red rose cluster next the hair. A rose colored scarf of satin antique surrounds the crown and has a steel buckle on the right side, and two black plumes on the left, standing there back to back, with tips nodding away from each other. Strings of black satin ribbon start from the back and are tied under the chin.

LA MODE.

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Base Villain (sotto voce)—You can't take him too quick to suit me; the little brute has pulled my whiskers enough for one night's salary.

(Aloud) "Madame, I relent; take the prince, unharmed—but remember-r-r!"

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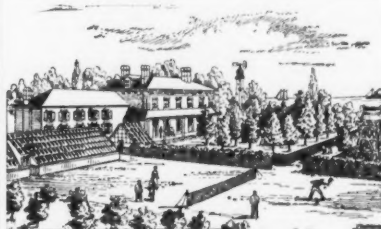
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There was a log of teeth. Caroline decided to call family wedding, and tides had typewritten well known. "It's a Bob declar repaired to Mamma w John He will of mine a Caroline's more than an apprehen hazel eyes. "If you t going to st the woods, for a look fr mistaken." "There at —such a pul always so— "In the m no one, will with stern b Before it the distant ceased his f vantages of years the str His wife had extravaganc daughters, v a small for made in his bankruptcy "I regret, whistled an platform. " home. But begin labor efforts in ass ing heavier w "Somebody the daughter "And I kn care of your And the car typewriter gi beautiful dan But once o ward, Carolin despite her ta rolled down the superior i What if Jo such friends although Car for she was s sented to spea ject when he v Now she wa "It is one herself as her tears, "and a delid mamma college." In the excite forgot her litt been called sen of critical ex writers in th ference and so her dignity th As a typewri correct, distinc self, but the pleasant conver "That girl," "actually scare a prude." "Ye—es," dr noon the vene she spent her e "Sir!" enqui "You—excus not homely, and he takes an in great city." "Ah, yes!" C breath, and a her nostrils dil high strung hor services at St. vote to literatur being my favori attend the musi devote to readi ing I give to pr Then she turn old gentleman gr Caroline was f "The old sinne as she took h though he thou Caroline was p able of taking ca jured and insul man had ogled h most flippant gi But Caroline d for it was an unu gan to be an effor tion of the senic him. She soon d One morning th much flurried. "Vanderzant is spite herself Car pale. "Hay! You deucedly inconve "He will be lo are not preparo youth significant "No," mused t lengthy consult was on the qui But they spok outward appeara sence. Evidently to not trust her fu "Yes," said th the best plan. W bank to put a goo will not be likely crisis. It would



## A Typewriter Girl.

There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the St. Clair household.

Caroline, the youngest daughter, had decided to carve her own fortunes, as those of the family were getting in a most entangled condition, and "unknownst" to her worthy relatives had sought and secured a position as typewriter in one of the big, wicked Chicago's well known business houses.

"It's a disgrace to the family!" Brother Bob declared, and he donned his overcoat and repaired to the clubhouse around the corner. Mamma wept loudly; papa fumed faintly.

"John Vandergast!" moaned mamma. "He will never look at you again! A daughter of mine a typewriter!"

Caroline's short upper lip curled slightly more than already curled by nature, although an apprehensive look did come into her great hazel eyes.

"If you think, my dearest mother, that I am going to starve here in this remote quarter of the woods, even in the most genteel style, just for a look from Mr. Vandergast, you are vastly mistaken."

"There are other employments for a woman—such a public position! And typewriters are always so—so talked about!"

"In the newspapers," added Caroline. "But no one will ever talk about me!" she finished, with stern bravery.

Before it was time for Caroline to leave for the distant city, her father had altogether ceased his fuming and was considering the advantages of his daughter's assistance. Of late years the struggle had been a hard one for him. His wife had always been a society woman and extravagant; indulged sons and fashionable daughters, whose marriages had each cost him a small fortune, had so reduced the estate made in his prime that now, in his old age, bankruptcy constantly stared him in the face.

"I regret, daughter," he said as the train whistled and they were out on the station platform, "that you are going so far from home. But I know how you would feel to begin labor here, and I fully appreciate your efforts in assisting me. The burden is growing heavier with every year," and he sighed.

"Somebody has to do something," returned the daughter sentimentally.

"And I know you are fully capable of taking care of yourself. God bless you, my girl."

And the careworn father was prouder of his typewriter girl than of his wealthiest and most beautiful daughter.

But once on the car, and steaming Chicago-ward, Caroline was not quite so brave, and despite her tall, dignified self, one or two tears rolled down her aristocratic nose and defied the superior little curl of her short upper lip.

What if John Vandergast—they had been such friends before he left for Europe, and although Caroline had not given her promise, for she was not sure of herself, she had consented to speak with him again upon the subject when he would return.

Now she was sure of herself—but John!

"It is one more test," she said sternly to herself as she brushed away the impetuous tears, "and a good one too. I am so glad I defied mamma and took the business course at college."

In the excitement of her new life Caroline forgot her little thoughts that might have been called sentiment. She passed the ordeal of critical examination by the other typewriters in the office with supreme indifference and so impressed her employers with her dignity that they were half afraid of her.

As a typewriter she was invaluable—rapid, correct, distinct, her every sheet perfection itself, but there was no social intercourse or pleasant conversation.

"That girl," declared the junior partner, "actually scares me. She's too pretty to be such a prude."

"Ye-es," drawled the senior, and that afternoon the venerable gentleman asked her how she spent her evenings.

"Sir!" enquired Caroline.

"You—excuse me, but you are young and not homely, and you will pardon an old man if he takes an interest in your welfare in this great city."

"Ah, yes!" Caroline drew a long, expressive breath, and a close observer would have said her nostrils dilated something like those of a high strung horse. "Sunday evening I attend services at St. James; Monday evening I devote to literature, Emerson, Carlyle and Renan being my favorite authors; Tuesday evening I attend the musicals, and Wednesday evening I attend prayers; Thursday evening I again devote to reading; Friday evening I generally attend the opera or concert, and Saturday evening I give to preparations for the Sabbath."

Then she turned to her Remington, and the old gentleman groaned in an aside.

Caroline was flushed and wrathful.

"The old sinner!" she was fuming to herself as she took his dictation in shorthand. "As though he thought I could not understand!"

Caroline was past twenty and considered capable of taking care of herself, yet she felt as injured and insulted as though the white-haired man had ogled her as he did the youngest and most flippant girl in the house.

But Caroline did not wish to lose her position, for it was an unusually paying one, and it began to be an effort to her to repel the insinuation of the senior partner without offending him. She soon detested him most heartily.

One morning the junior partner came in very much flurried.

"Vandergast is in town," he said. And despite herself Caroline reddened and then grew pale.

"Hay! You don't say! Well, that's decidedly inconvenient just now."

"He will be looking into accounts and we are not prepared for that at present," said the youth significantly.

"No," mused the other, and then they held a lengthy consultation, during which Caroline was on the *qui vive* to catch every word.

But they spoke guardedly, for all that her outward appearance was one of such indifference. Evidently it was of enough importance to not trust her fully.

"Yes," said the senior at last, "that will be the best plan. We will secure the bonds at the bank to put a good face on things, and then he will not be likely to look deeper until after the crisis. It would ruin us for him to withdraw

## Not a Man of Ideas.



Chappy—Yes, I'm in love with you.  
She—Who told you that i—Life.

his share now."

All this was Greek to Caroline until she remembered several communications she had taken which were in regard to speculations, and then it was clear to her. The junior partner went at once to the bank, and the old gentleman seemed somewhat worried.

Caroline gave no sign, but she made a resolution, and when three o'clock, hour for quitting work, came, she said calmly:

"I believe I must sever my connection with this office to-day. I wish to return home."

"Ah—ahem! Do I understand you mean to quit us at once?"

"Yes. I wish to return home to-morrow morning," she returned imperturbably.

"This is rather sudden. Indeed, I do not see how I can let you go at once."

"But you must, sir!" said Caroline with decision.

So he made out her check and bade her a suave good-bye, and a few minutes later found her in the hotel waiting for John Vandergast.

Whether it was her John or some other Vandergast, she had determined to warn him and then go home for a vacation until she secured another position. And when she looked on the hotel register she knew it was her John.

"Why, Caroline," he said, when he came in, his face lighting up. "This is a most unexpected honor. I was hurrying business matters so as to get home to-morrow to see you."

He shook her hand warmly and looked closely into her face to see if he might venture any further greeting.

No one would be apt to take, even a lover's liberty with Caroline.

"You have made my stay a long one and a tedious one to me by denying me the privilege of writing to you," he said in reproach.

"Yes, I know, John," she rejoined hastily, for she was afraid her blushes might encourage an embrace, "but you know I am a typewriter now, or was an hour ago."

And she looked at him defiantly. He laughed.

"I understood in one of my letters from home that you had accepted some position here in the city, but I could not learn where or what it was. I am sure you are the same if not more to me for that. Typewriters are a fine set of girls."

An unmistakable satisfaction came into Caroline's face.

"I am—so glad you do not think less of me than you did," she said, under her breath. Then she recollected her errand.

She told him what she knew, and he listened with a grave face.

"I am glad you told me. It is providential you were employed there. So they are speculating, and from what you tell me my thousands would have been higher than the moon by day after to-morrow. I will withdraw them for you, my queen, this very day."

Then as there was not a minute to lose, Caroline bade him good-bye and hurried to her boarding house. The next morning she was home-ward bound, John Vandergast's promised bride.

Several months later there was a quiet wedding in the St. Clair homestead, and the typewriter daughter was the highest honored the worldly mother had.—Ex.

In a little country theater an amateur theatrical performance was given in which the

moon was obliged to appear several times. During one of the moonlight scenes a strong draught of air extinguished the lamp which was responsible for the moonlight, whereupon the hero exclaimed audibly: "What does this mean?"

"The wind has blown the moon out," responded the manager.

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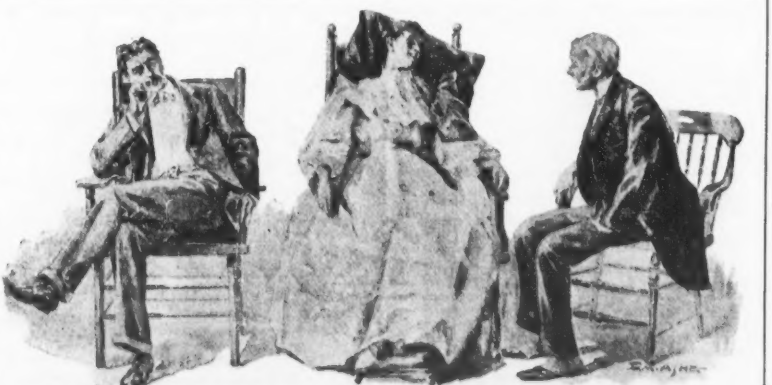
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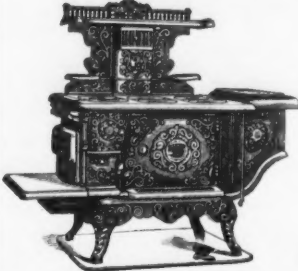
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## Music.

**M**USICAL progress in Canada, I am pleased to note, is not confined entirely to the larger cities of the country. In many instances the advance noticeable in some of the smaller cities and principal towns challenges favorable comparison with larger and more favored localities. The influx of educated musicians into certain places which several years ago were practically dead, musically speaking, has had the effect of producing results quite remarkable when one considers the previous record of these towns. On the other hand, I notice one or two instances of localities which some years ago displayed considerably greater enterprise in the support of choral organizations than they show at the present time. This I consider due to the present lack of professional competition, which at one time had a stimulating effect upon the musical effort of these towns. In such cases the only hope of a successful revival and material advance would seem to depend upon the introduction of a little wholesome opposition, for there are several capable provincial musicians now serenely resting on their oars who should be exerting themselves.

## BRANTFORD

Furnishes me with a report which indicates no small measure of activity for the coming season in that city. The Philharmonic and Operatic Society, Mr. F. G. Rogers conductor, will produce the opera *Princess Ida* at an early date, and presents at Easter, Handel's oratorio *Judas Maccabeus*. An Orchestral Society was organized last season, which did very good work. This will be continued during the present season under the direction of J. Morton Boyce. The Canadian Branch of the Choral Guild will hold its first festival in Brantford next month, also under Mr. Boyce's direction.

Mr. O. F. Teigmann, conductor of the

## KINGSTON

Philharmonic Society, writes me that the choral works likely to be produced in the Limestone City during the coming season will include St. Cecilia's Day, the Messiah and Samson by Handel. Sullivan's Comic Opera, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and Leo, the Royal Cadet (new), will also be performed. An orchestral concert is also contemplated, but the works to be produced have not yet been chosen.

## BELLEVILLE

Is once more stirring herself after a rest of several years. The Philharmonic Society has been re-organized with Mrs. Eva Rose York as conductress, and the works being taken up for study are Rombert's *The Lay of the Bell*, Gounod's *Gallia* and Schubert's *Song of Miriam*. A spring concert is also contemplated, in which Mackenzie's *May Queen* may be presented. This, however, has not yet been decided upon by the society. An orchestra is being formed to co-operate with the chorus of the society, and my correspondent adds that the outlook is most encouraging, "almost everyone in the city who is interested in music at all being in some way connected with the Philharmonic."

A new society has been formed in

## ST. CATHARINES

to be known as the St. Catharines Musical and Dramatic Association. Good work has been accomplished in this city in the past under Mr. Angelo Reed's direction. The departure of this gentleman for Europe has resulted in the formation of the new organization under Mr. R. Thos. Steele of Hamilton. At their first concert Cowen's *Idyl* St. John's Eve, will be rendered with a miscellaneous programme of part songs, etc. In April, Sullivan's opera *The Pirates of Penzance* will be presented with full orchestral accompaniment. These constitute the principal musical attractions of the society for the season, a dramatic performance in February also being included in their year's work.

## THE GALT

Philharmonic Society will give two concerts this season under the baton of Mr. Walter H. Robinson of Toronto, whose excellent success in that sturdy Scottish locality last season was alike creditable to him and to the town which did not seem to be conscious of its possibilities until the above society demonstrated what talent had so long been lying dormant within its boundaries. The first concert will consist of part songs and choruses accompanied and unaccompanied, with orchestral selections which will be provided by a capable organization of thirty instruments. At the second concert Handel's oratorio *Samson* will be the chief feature, with several special orchestral numbers. This society is one of the most promising of its kind in the country and with perseverance and a reasonable display of Scottish grit should become a power in the south riding of Waterloo county.

## BERLIN

rejoices in the existence of a Musical Society which can fairly claim to rank among the best in Canada. From among the members of this society are selected the splendid band and orchestra which have done so much during the past few years in upholding the musical reputation of this thriving namesake of the capital of the Fatherland. The work of this society promises to be more aggressive than ever during the coming season. Oratorio does not flourish as it might in this town, a fact which may be attributed partly to the existence of several excellent *Maennerchoere*, which absorb the spare time of many of the best male singers, thus preventing any regular effort in the direction of mixed chorus work. Another society which deserves mention is the Dilettanten Verein, which is composed of gentlemen who have banded together for the purpose of providing high-class orchestral music. The musical life of Berlin is so intimately associated with that of the neighboring town of

## WATERLOO

that any record of the former place would be incomplete without reference to the excellent band and orchestra of the Waterloo Musical Society, which frequently joins forces with the Berlin Society, of which it is a friendly and worthy rival. I understand that the work of

the Waterloo organization will be as ambitious as ever during the coming season, a fact which augurs well for the musical reputation of this enterprising society.

Mr. James Ward, conductor of the

## HARRIE

Choral Society, writes me that it is proposed during the season to produce in the above musical town Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, Rombert's *Lay of the Bell*, together with miscellaneous selections. The Harrie Society has made an excellent record during the past few years, which will undoubtedly be sustained this season.

No regular societies exist in

ST. THOMAS, GUELPH OR STRATFORD for the production of oratorio, although the two first mentioned cities have to their credit several excellent performances, in years gone by, of standard works.

Mr. Jones, the organist of Trinity church, St. Thomas, contemplates a performance, by his efficient choir, of Dr. Stainer's *Daughter of Jairus* and the probable production of a light opera later in the season.

Mr. Charles Crowe of Guelph is endeavoring to organize a chorus to render the Creation, but is not yet in a position to state definitely whether this work will be undertaken.

Mr. J. W. Freeland of Stratford reports that beyond the probable performance of a children's cantata in the spring by pupils of the public schools, the outlook in the Classic City is somewhat gloomy for the coming season. This is to be regretted, as Stratford possesses sufficient material, if brought together, to creditably undertake works of a character which would entitle the city to rank among the more musically ambitious places of the province.

Since this column went to press for last week's issue an important announcement has been made concerning the establishment of a permanent orchestra for Toronto, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington. A guarantee list has been secured, signed by a number of prominent citizens, ensuring the new organization against financial loss. This band will be known as the Toronto Orchestra, and will make its debut to-night in connection with the world-renowned vocalist, Mme. Nordica, who charmed so many thousands of citizens at her concerts in this city last season. Mr. I. E. Suckling, the energetic and successful impresario, has undertaken the business management of the orchestra, a fact which should, and no doubt will, go far in assuring its material success.

In connection with the appearance of Sousa's matchless band on Friday and Saturday of next week, a pleasing feature will be the performance of Mrs. Emma Fraser Blackstock's fine set of waltzes, the Lotus Eaters, which on the strength of their own merits have won great success in England, where they have been repeatedly played by several of the Guards' bands at their concerts in London. These waltzes are in my opinion equal to anything of their kind which has as yet issued from the pen of a native composer. They rise above the level of the ordinary dance movements, and will find a worthy place on the programme of next week's concert. Another interesting feature of these concerts will be the appearance of Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, solo cornetist, in whose success Torontonians feel a pardonable pride.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson has resumed teaching for the season. Mr. Robinson met with excellent success last year in his work as music master at Upper Canada College, choir-master of the Church of the Redeemer and conductor of the Galt Philharmonic Society. In addition to these he has this year accepted the appointment of director of the Toronto University Glee Club. I look forward with no little interest to the members of this body giving a good account of themselves under their new conductor. Mr. Robinson teaches voice culture according to the Emma Seiler method and may be consulted at his studio, 143 Yonge street, Messrs. R. S. Williams & Son's piano warehouse.

Miss Maud Snarr, the popular mezzo soprano, has recently filled a number of concert engagements in Western Ontario. I am pleased to learn that in every instance Miss Snarr met with flattering success.

An interesting event in the near future will be a piano recital by Madame A. Pupin of New York, which will be given on the "Janko" keyboard, the object being to illustrate the possibilities and advantages of this remarkable invention. This recital will be given in the Musical Hall of the Conservatory of Music.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, solo pianist, has been engaged to assist at the recital to be held in St. George's Hall on Monday evening next by Miss Lauretta A. Bowes. Mr. Tripp will play Moszkowski's *Valse* in A major op. 17, No. 3, Hollander's *March* op. 39, Chaminade's *L'irroleuse* and Vogrich's *Staccato Caprice*.

I have received a copy of a new polka, *La Charmante*, composed for pianoforte by Miss Victoria Mason and published by Messrs. Nordheimer. I understand the polka, which by the way is dedicated to Lieut. Col. Hamilton of the Queen's Own, is to be arranged for military band.

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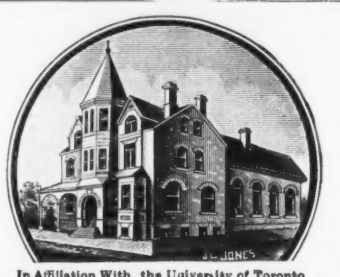
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noon. The Burns and socially and a large present on clock the Mr. W. F. Burns entertained father, Dr. J. seven charming honor. The white satin, bordered with crown was of Quon, as a large hat and the name-flor The bridesmaid dresses of which wreathed with tied with white maids were sister of the wood, Katie Boulbee, Min A murmur of crowded pews passed up an artistic Mr. Strathy, led their meander the Lohengrin who marshall after the guests Dr. Boulbee, Barnes, Arthur Stewart Macdonald assisted by Rev. ceremony, after guests were re Burns, No 7 Col breakfast was Mr. and Mrs. T. lations of their left on the 7 p.m. and will reside in engaged in the son's going-away trimmed with r chip hat with lady was one of popular resident violinists, whose musical circles. bridal gifts were much admired to groom to each pin set with pearls marked: Mrs. Th wearing black silk with rare black lace white tips; Mrs. filled with pink bows; Mrs. Char and a handsome brown velvet and feathers; Mrs. W. black and white; cream cashmere, Alfred Mason was and white, and lip Others present were Justice, Mrs. and Graham, Dr. and Thorne, Mrs. Will Mrs. and Miss S. man, Mrs. W. S. a Mr. and Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. John Riordan, Miss Rae, Mrs. I and the Misses Th son, Mrs. Gunther Jones, Mrs. F. Jarvis and Mrs. King, Miss Aikens, Mrs. Swes Thompson of Niagara son of Cayuga, McKerr, Martin, Mu Small, Symons, Dr. of others from the c

A pretty house Nassau street at day, when Mr. known and favorite and Miss Mary Ed the wedding party friends being pre traveling costume with fur, and large was groomsmen, a sister of the bride, H. Broughall officia left by the 2.50 train will make their hom

The church of our house street, was d ested spectators an evening to witness McGann, book-keeper, and Miss Minnie solo soprano in the at ing. This fact, and the fair bride, lent always attractive co three ushers, Messrs Cottam, had some passage for the entri were the crowd of lad her in bridal array. wedding party pr where Mr. McGa Mr. Fred McGann, w were awaiting them, unaccompanied anth Father Welsh perform Miss McIldevery pres Sullivan, choir maste of honor was Miss T little bridesmaid cl of the groom, Ray Cl the bride. All four hats; the bridesmaid



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Weddings of the Week.



NE of the prettiest autumn  
 weddings imaginable took  
 place last week in St. Luke's  
 church on Thursday after-  
 noon. The marriage of Miss Violet  
 Burns and Mr. Andrew Thompson was  
 socially and artistically a noteworthy event,  
 and a large number of Toronto's elite were  
 present on the happy occasion. At four  
 o'clock the groom and his best man,  
 Mr. W. E. Woodruff of Niagara Falls, pro-  
 ceeded from the vestry to the chancel steps, to  
 await the coming of the bridal party. Miss  
 Burns entered leaning on the arm of her  
 father, Dr. J. H. Burns, and accompanied by  
 seven charming bride-maidens, and a maid of  
 honor. The bride's gown was of rich ivory  
 white satin, with a veil of silk Brussels net,  
 bordered with narrow threads of satin and  
 crowned with orange blossoms, and her bou-  
 quet was of white bridal roses. Miss Katie  
 Mason, as maid of honor, wore white India silk,  
 large hat and *La Tosca* cane wreathed with  
 the name-flower of the pretty bride, violets.  
 The bridesmaids were remarkably pretty  
 dresses of white India silk, and large chip hats,  
 which, with their *La Tosca* canes, were  
 wreathed with golden-tinted chrysanthemums,  
 tied with white and gold ribbons. The brides-  
 maids were Misses Minnie Thompson,  
 sister of the groom, Mary Gamon of Colling-  
 wood, Katie Symons, Mabel Gordon, Missie  
 Boulbee, Minnie Mills and Queenie Hoskin.  
 A murmur of admiration floated over the  
 crowded pews as the pretty procession slowly  
 passed up the aisle and formed in  
 an artistic group before the altar.  
 Mr. Strathy, organist of St. Luke's, accompan-  
 led their measured paces with the strains of  
 the Lohengrin wedding march. The ushers  
 who marshalled the bridal party and looked  
 after the guests were: Capt. Arthur Kirkpatrick,  
 Dr. Boulbee, Messrs. Allen Sullivan, Alan  
 Burns, Arthur McLaughlin, W. Grasset and  
 Stewart Macdonald. Rev. Dr. Langtry, as-  
 sisted by Rev. Mr. Manning, performed the  
 ceremony, after which the bridal party and  
 guests were received at the residence of Dr.  
 Burns, No 7 College street, where the wedding  
 breakfast was elegantly served by Webb, and  
 Mr. and Mrs. Thompson accepted the congratu-  
 lations of their friends. The bride and groom  
 left on the 7 p.m. train for a tour in the States  
 and will reside in Cayuga, where Mr. Thompson,  
 is engaged in the practice of law. Mrs. Thomp-  
 son's going-away gown was of brown cloth  
 trimmed with ruddy brown velvet, with brown  
 chip hat with brown tips and velvet. The  
 lady was one of Toronto's most esteemed and  
 popular residents and is an accomplished  
 violinist, whose loss will be felt in social and  
 musical circles. A large number of beautiful  
 bridal gifts were arranged in the parlor and  
 much admired by the guests. The gift of the  
 groom to each bridesmaid was a dainty gold  
 pin set with pearls. Among the guests I re-  
 marked: Mrs. Thompson, mother of the groom,  
 wearing black silk with white sleeves, covered  
 with rare black lace, with very chic bonnet and  
 white tips; Mrs. Burns wore terra cotta silk  
 frilled with pink, black lace bonnet and pink  
 bows; Mrs. Charles Ross, cousin of the groom,  
 and a handsome bride of three months, wore  
 brown velvet and large pink felt hat with brown  
 feathers; Mrs. Wm. Crowther looked well in  
 black and white; Mrs. Vandermissen was in  
 cream cashmere, with dainty cream boa; Mrs.  
 Alfred Mason was stylishly gowned in black  
 and white, and light bonnet with pink roses.  
 Others present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoskin,  
 Justice, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Dr. and Mrs.  
 Graham, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs.  
 Thorne, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. and Miss Rose,  
 Mrs. and Miss Skeas and Miss Cumberland,  
 Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Creel-  
 man, Mrs. W. S. and Miss Lee, Mrs. Cawthra,  
 Mr. and Mrs. Boulbee, Mrs. and Miss Hedley,  
 Mrs. John Riordan, Mrs. Douglas, Mr. and  
 Miss Rae, Mrs. Holmstead, Chevalier, Mrs.  
 and the Misses Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Dick-  
 son, Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. and Miss Clarkson  
 Jones, Mrs. F. Jarvis, Mr. and Miss Lash, Mr.  
 and Mrs. King, Miss Proudfoot, Dr. and Mrs.  
 Aikens, Mrs. Sweatman, Dr. and Mrs. Walter  
 Thompson of Niagara Falls, Dr. David Thomp-  
 son of Cayuga, Messrs. Ed. Cronyn, Barson,  
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saged with passementerie. Miss McGrath wore white satin and lace and a tiny white bonnet, with ospreys and a tulle face veil, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. After the reception at 193 Seaton street, Mr. and Mrs. McGann left for a trip to Chicago. A large number of elegant presents were on view during the reception, among others a handsome gift from the choir of our Lady of Lourdes.

A very quiet wedding took place last week in St. John's church, when Miss Muriel Patriarche and Mr. J. Glasse were married by Rev. Mr. Williams, the rector. Mr. and Mrs. Glasse have taken up house on Dunn avenue, Parkdale.

Robert Downing.

We present herewith pen sketches of Mr. Robert Downing and Miss Eugenie Blair (Mrs. Downing), who will be at the Grand next week. Mr. Downing has had a system in pursuing the histrionic profession, methodically undertaking tragedy, comedy, romantic comedy and



melo-drama, thus making a foundation for an ambitious career. He was the friend of Booth, and for a long time leading man with Mary Anderson. He presents a fine repertoire of legitimate drama at the Grand next week.

A Tough Job.

That Baroness de Z — is a regular harpy. Yesterday one of her victims was heard to remark: "She has already worn out half a dozen sets of teeth in backbiting her friends!" — *Le Petit Parisien*.

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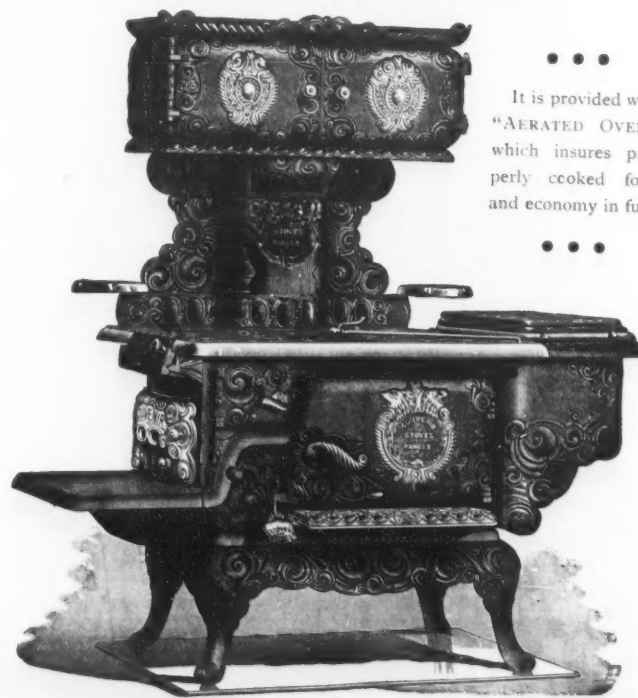
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It will work satisfactorily where other Stoves and Ranges fail. EVERY RANGE WARRANTED. Sold by Leading Stove Dealers throughout the Dominion. Made only by

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## HANDSOME COSTUME NOVELTIES

### 8 Specials

No more popular lines of beautiful novelty dress goods ever offered this season—lovely goods and lots of variety.

Shot Hopsacks, Fancy Shot Diagonals and Fancy Tweeds, all new two-toned effects 75c. a yard.

Nice assortment fine quality plain Hopsacks 65c. a yard.

—13 Shades Shot Effects—newest colors: lovely goods.

—12 Shades Crepe Effects—a pretty novelty.

—8 Shades Ombre Stripes—one of the latest.

—12 Shades Two-color figured patterns—very effective.

—11 Shades Two-tone Diagonal Effects—very popular goods.

—15 different colorings in Hopsack Tweeds.

ALL AT

50c.

A YARD

A Grand Stock NEW SILKS, SATIN DUCHESSE, VELVETS and VELVETEENS—newest colors. The best \$1 a yard Silk Velvet in Canada. Everything new and novel in handsome DRESS TRIMMINGS

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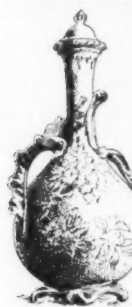
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Upon you the fact that Damask and Brocatelle Hangings and House Furnishings generally can be cleaned or re-dyed by the B. A. Dyeing Co., with an excellence of finish only equalled by new goods.

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Painted by the celebrated flower painter, MR. KLEMM, a choice selection of

Afternoon Tea Sets

Cocoa Sets

Cups and Saucers, &c.

Austrian Vases

NEW SHAPES.

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### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

#### Births.

CLARK—London, Oct. 26, Mrs. W. J. Clark, a son.  
LAW—Oct. 25, Mrs. W. H. Law, a son.  
COULTER—Oct. 15, Mrs. Coulter, a daughter, still-born.  
HEPBURN—Chapleau, Oct. 15, Mrs. Hepburn, a daughter.  
MEARNS—Oct. 24, Mrs. F. S. Mearns, a daughter.  
FORNERET—Hamilton, Oct. 24, Mrs. Forneret, a daughter.  
KENNICK—Oct. 24, Mrs. R. P. Kennick, a son.  
LENNON—Oct. 12, Mrs. W. D. Lennon, a daughter.

#### Marriages.

MCGANN—McGRATH—On Wednesday, October 25, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, by Rev. Father Walsh, John McGann to Miss McGraith, both of Toronto.  
DOW—BAULD—Oct. 24, Andrew Moir Dow to Minnie Bauld.  
GARLAND—BELL—Oct. 24, Richard Garland to Amy Amelia Bell.  
HACHBORN—HABKIRK—Oct. 25, Edward G. Hachborn to Helen Habkirk.  
MCARTNEY—PIRIE—Oct. 25, William McCartney to Helen Pirie.  
SIMS—MACLEAN—Oct. 25, Allison Halp Sims to Mary Edith Maclean.  
DOYLE—COULSON—Oct. 25, Allan R. Judson Doyle to Kate L. Coulson.  
BROWN—BALLINGAL—At Torrie Farm, South Dumfries, Brant County, on Oct. 25, by Rev. E. Cookburn, Frederick W. Brown of Paris, to Kate Ballingal, third daughter of Mr. David Ballingal.  
CORBY—WATERHOUSE—Oct. 24, H. T. Corby to Nellie Waterhouse.  
GRIEVE—STRICKLAND—Oct. 19, T. Gordon Grieve to Fanny Strickland.  
GLASSE—PATRIARCHE—Oct. 18, Charles B. Glasse to H. Muriel Patriarche.  
THOMPSON—BURNS—Oct. 19, Andrew Thompson to Violet Burns.

#### Deaths.

CRABE—Goderich, Oct. 40, Christopher Crabbe, aged 81.  
COULTER—Oct. 24, Clara C. Ward Coulter, aged 35.  
MCALLISTER—Oct. 24, Margaret McAllister, aged 72.  
WARDLAW—Oct. 22, Doris E. Wardlaw.  
WARREN—Oct. 19, Robert Warren, aged 59.  
DRAKE—Oct. 24, E. Drake, aged 87.  
ABRAHAM—Oct. 25, Mary Ann Abraham, aged 58.  
URQUHART—Oct. 23, Sarah Urquhart.  
BARKER—Oct. 18, Laura Barker, aged 32.  
JACKMAN—Oct. 25, Captain H. W. Jackman, aged 61.

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CANADA'S FAVORITE  
**PIANOS**  
117 KING STREET WEST  
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### Miss BURNETT

117 Yonge St., Toronto.

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Millinery

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Evening

Dresses

and

Ladies'

Tailoring

Tweed

or

Serge Gowns

From \$18.

Perfect Fit From Pattern, Bodice or Measurement. Mail Orders from outside the City will Receive Careful Attention.

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PURE TONE.

Highest Artistic Qualities in

Touch and Tone

Latest Designs

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In Walnut and Mahogany

Rosewood, Oak and Satinwood

Sole agents for the celebrated Sohmer, (N.Y.) Pianos, and the Emerson (Boston) Pianos.

Easy terms of payment

Bargains in slightly used upright Pianos. Square Pianos at very low prices.

Old Pianos exchanged. Pianos to rent. Pianos tuned. Pianos repaired.

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Gas, Electric and Combination Fixtures.

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Choice lines of American Footwear by the most noted makers just received. Our reputation for manufacturing and carrying the most elegant goods is fully maintained by the stock we are now offering.

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### HALF PRICE FOR SHOES

For one week.

RED SHOES AND SLIPPERS

In Ladies' sizes.

H. & C. BLACHFORD

83 to 89 King St. East

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N. B.—All the above specially suitable for house wear.

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Is the place to buy Ladies' Fine American (Eddy & Webster's, Rochester, N. Y.)

### BUTTON BOOTS

I have them in B, C and D widths.

P. B.—Special attention given to small sizes—1, 1½, and 2.

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High Grade Watch Specialist, 350 Yonge St., 2nd door north of Elm, and have it put in thorough repair.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTION

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IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS

278 Yonge Street, Cor. of Alice

We beg to call the attention of the Ladies to our Special Sale of Dress Goods and Tweeds at prices never before offered in Toronto. All our lines are imported direct, so you may rest assured that you will be able to get the latest designs to choose from.

We have also got a few dozen of Opera Head Wraps, which we imported direct from New York at about half the regular prices.

L. G. CALLAGHAN & CO.

278 Yonge Street

### Brainerd & Armstrong's (ASIATIC DYES) Wash Silks

ROMAN FLOSS

WILL WASH



FAST COLORS (Guaranteed)

This brand of Wash Silks is used exclusively by the Associated Artists of New York and the leading Decorative Art Societies of the United States and Canada. They are produced in a great variety of makes, including:

Roman Floss

Filo Floss

Rope Silk

Twilled Embroidery

Outline Embroidery

Giant Embroidery

Mediaeval Silk

Couching Silk

English Filling

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And have been awarded medals of superiority by the American Institute over other makes. A complete range of these goods, as well as of the celebrated "Corticelli" Sewing Silks and Twists, are found on sale by leading dealers throughout the continent over.

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## Lardine and Cylinder Oils

ARE THE CHAMPION GOLD MEDAL OILS OF CANADA.

MCCOLL BROS & CO., Oil Manufacturers

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Best and goes farthest.

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COMMERCIAL Travellers and Tourists unite in using the above Bag in preference to any other shape, as it is easier to carry and more convenient to pack, besides holding more for its size than other Bags. We manufacture these goods in several qualities, colors and sizes. Prices range from \$4 to \$16.

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